THE MACRA TERROR They're coming to crawl all over you!

DOCTOR WHO
MAGAZ

Tomb raiders Deborah Watling and Clive Merrison – together again!

Destroy all monsters!

Can the Zygons save themselves from oblivion – or will they join the creatures the world forgot?

DWM 308 19 Sept 2001 • UK £3.40 • US $6.80

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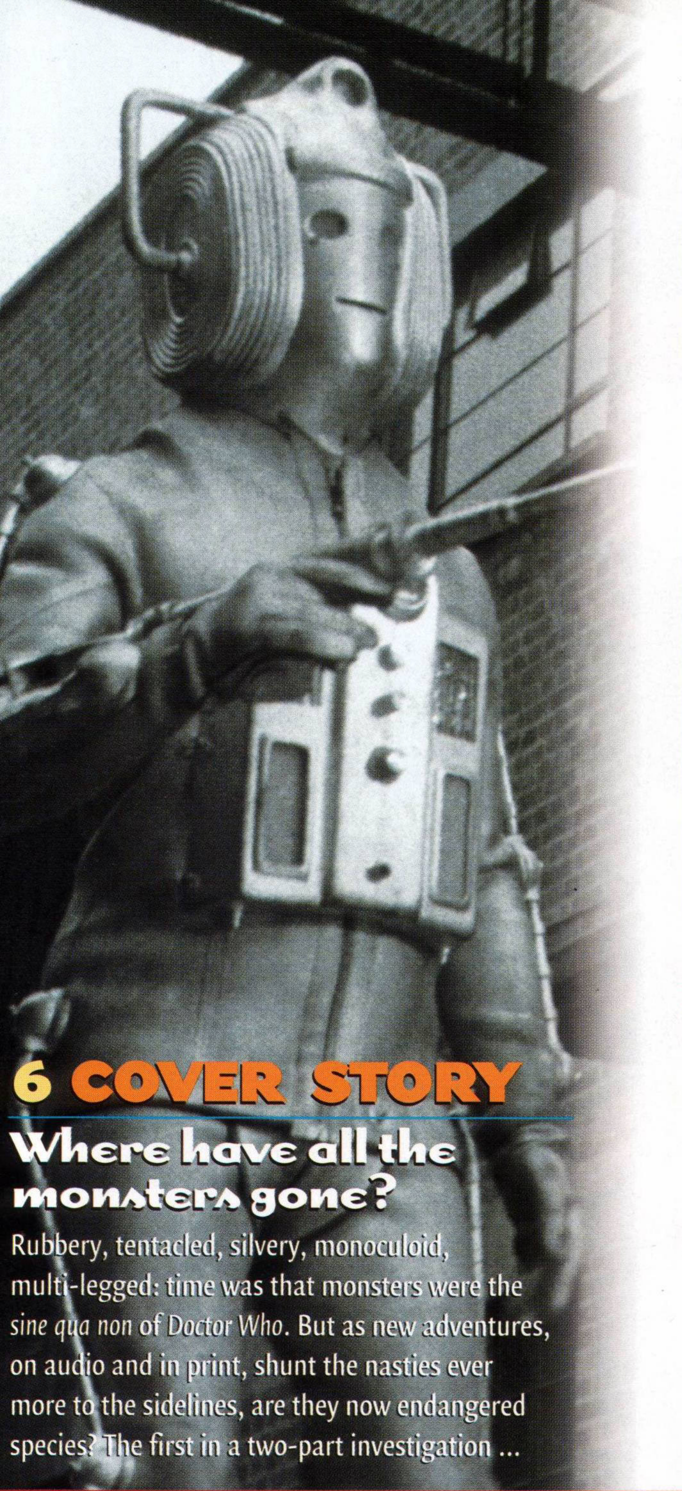

6 COVER STORY

Where have all the monsters gone?

Rubbery, tentacled, silvery, monoculoid, multi-legged: time was that monsters were the *sine qua non* of *Doctor Who*. But as new adventures, on audio and in print, shunt the nasties ever more to the sidelines, are they now endangered species? The first in a two-part investigation ...

Editor's letter

WHY KITTENS ARE BETTER THAN *DOCTOR WHO*

Kittens are better than *Doctor Who*. There. I said it.

I have a 13 week-old kitten called Sumuru – black, but with faint chocolate-brown stripes, a permanently wet nose and a taste for ankles. I've had her for nearly two months now, and in all that time I haven't watched a single episode of *Doctor Who*. Oh, except for the first 37 or so minutes of *Image of the Fendahl* the other Sunday – you know, just *because*. But Sumuru woke up round about the time caterpillars started crawling over Wanda Ventham, and started mewling for attention. She got it. Why? Because kittens are better than *Doctor Who*. Fact.

Of course, being a rational, well-balanced **Doctor Who Magazine** reader with a full, varied life and a wide palette of interests – as *au fait* with the life and works of Brian Dowling as you are with those of Brian Hodgson – you won't find my confession in the least bit controversial. I'm among friends here: *you* understand. But on the outside world ... well, Friday 13 July wasn't a good day for me. It was the day of *Death Comes to Time* – the day Sylvester McCoy and some quite ghastly idiot pundit from the *Daily Mail* woke me up doing *Doctor Who* gabble on Radio 4's *Today* programme. Later that day, three normal, non-fan acquaintances approached me, and I had the same conversation three times over:

Them: "That *Doctor Who*'s back, on the Internet. Did you know?"

Me: "Yes. I'm the editor of the official **Doctor Who Magazine**."

Them: "Oh, you saw that, then [in the *Radio Times*/on the *Today* programme/in some horrid tabloid rag/after *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*] [delete as applicable]?"

Me [slowly and deliberately]: "No. I'm the editor of the official **Doctor Who Magazine**. I published the news in my latest issue."

Them: "Oh. [pause] So you saw about that *Doctor Who* coming back then?"

Words failed me, three times over. But once a fan, always a fan, in the eyes of the outside world. And we all know that feeling, don't we, gang?

Sumuru, however, cannot patronise me thus. She just looks at me adoringly. And that's why kittens are so much better than *Doctor Who*.

SPECIAL FEATURES

12 Deborah Watling & Clive Merrison

Two of *The Tomb of the Cybermen*'s stars are reunited in Victorian England for a new audio – and their co-star? A Zygon called 'Bobby'

34 Michael Troughton's Memories

The final part – and whereas young Michael was disappointed only by the Quarks, his Dad, Patrick, was aghast at most of Season Six

DWM 308

'You're an insect from the pit of Satan!'

REGULARS

3 **Coming Up ...** *The Eye of the Scorpion*
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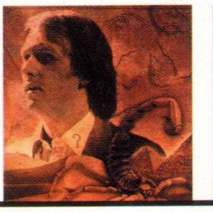
Coming Up ... in September

THE PYRAMID GAME

Ancient Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs – and the Fifth Doctor becomes an assassin's target when he intervenes to save a young woman's life ...

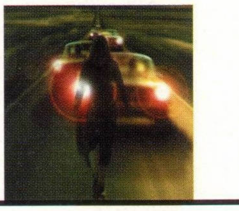


TRICK OR TREAT

Landing in 21st century New Orleans, that old black magic has the Eighth Doctor, plus companions Fitz and Anji, in its fearful spell ...

UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE

Students are gathering in the graveyards of East Wessex – and, as the Fourth Doctor and Leela discover, revision is the last thing on their minds ...



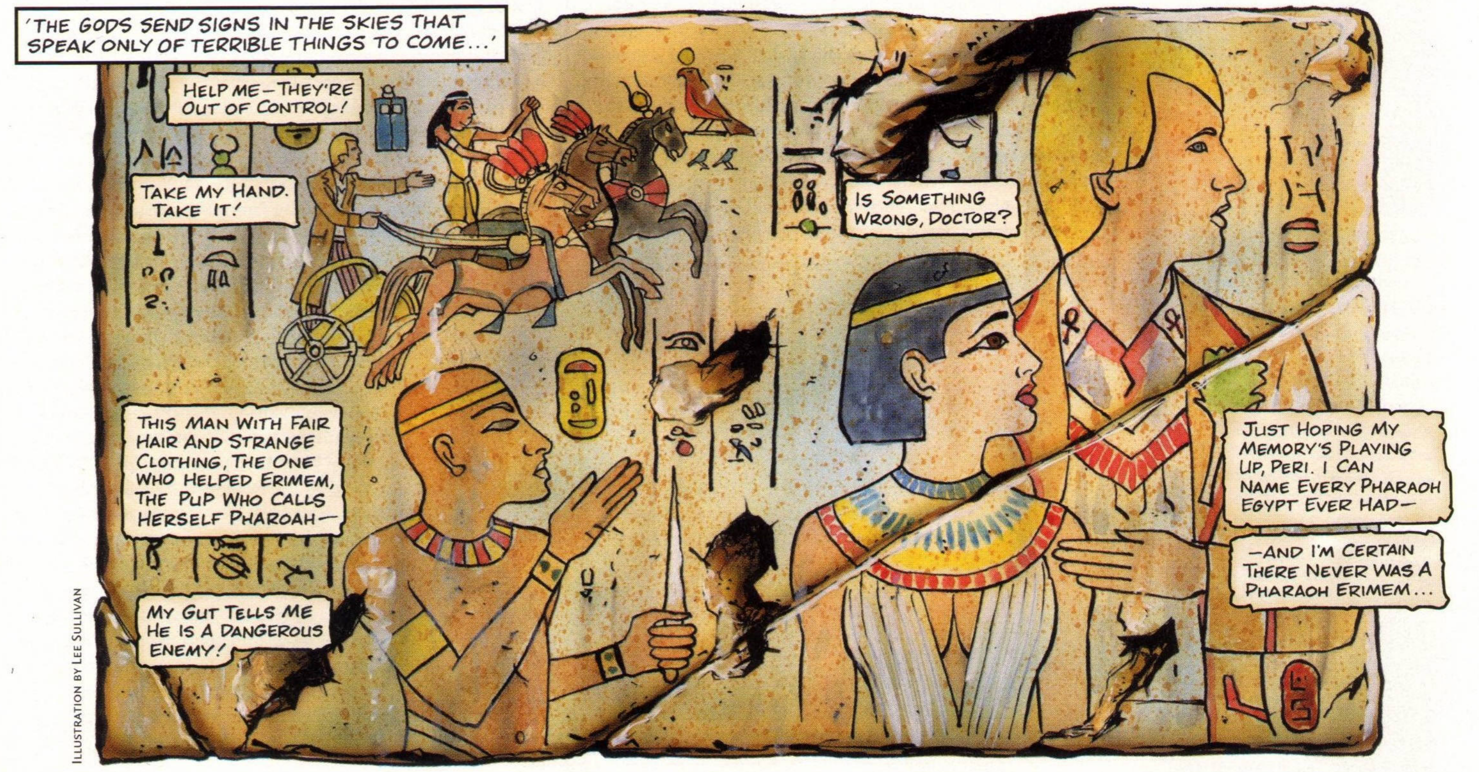

'THE GODS SEND SIGNS IN THE SKIES THAT SPEAK ONLY OF TERRIBLE THINGS TO COME...'
HELP ME – THEY'RE OUT OF CONTROL!
TAKE MY HAND. TAKE IT!
IS SOMETHING WRONG, DOCTOR?
THIS MAN WITH FAIR HAIR AND STRANGE CLOTHING, THE ONE WHO HELPED ERIMEM, THE PUP WHO CALLS HERSELF PHAROAH–
MY GUT TELLS ME HE IS A DANGEROUS ENEMY!
JUST HOPING MY MEMORY'S PLAYING UP, PERI. I CAN NAME EVERY PHARAOH EGYPT EVER HAD–
–AND I'M CERTAIN THERE NEVER WAS A PHARAOH ERIMEM...

ILLUSTRATION BY LEE SULLIVAN

The Eye of the Scorpion

an audio drama by

Iain McLaughlin

Released on 17 September
Featuring The Fifth Doctor and Peri
Enemies Mercenaries, traitors – and something alien that's all in the mind
Setting Ancient Egypt: in the cities of Thebes and Giza, circa 1,400 BC
You'll like this if you like ... Egyptology; parts of *The Daleks' Master Plan*; *The Eye of Ra*, and other thrillers by Paul Doherty; the chariot races in *Ben Hur*
Listen out for the bit where Peri is trapped by a horde of scorpions ...

The Doctor Peter Davison
Peri Nicola Bryant
Yanis Harry Myers
Erimem Caroline Morris
Antranak Jonathan Owen
Fayum Jack Gallagher
Horemshep Steve Perring
Kishik Daniel Brennan
Slave Mark Wright

Producers Gary Russell & Jason Haigh-Ellery and Jacqueline Rayner
Director Gary Russell

In Ancient Egypt, the Pharaohs' power is near its peak. Revered as a God from the capital at Thebes, a crowned Pharaoh can be all-powerful. An uncrowned Pharaoh, however, is quite another matter – especially a female opposed by a priest of Horus ...

Set some decades before the reign of Tutankhamun, *The Eye of the Scorpion* sees the Doctor and Peri enmeshed in the intrigue around the young Pharaoh-in-waiting, Erimem. She makes the travellers her trusted advisers after they thwart a murderous ambush by chariot – but there's more to the plans of chieftain Yanis and his mercenary cohorts than attempts on Erimem's life. Why does the Doctor find the TARDIS has been reprogrammed before landing? What secret power have Yanis and his allies gained? Why is Peri a liability if she falls into their hands? What links the scorpion – symbol of treachery and death – with this conspiracy? And what role will the already ancient Sphinx have to play?

The answers are in the debut script by Dundee-based Iain McLaughlin – the first writer to be commissioned by Big Finish from an unsolicited submission. However, it wasn't his first story idea ... "I'd been a fan for years, and since I write for a living too, I'd always rather fancied having a go at *Doctor Who*. I normally write comic strips like *Desperate Dan* and *Beryl the Peril* for *The Dandy* each week." The publishers DC Thomson are based in Dundee: "I joined them 16 years ago, when I had the option of reading English at university or going to work on a comic! Last year I got *Desperate Dan* to play with. In *The Dandy* now, there's a strip called *Jack*, and Jack's father is drawn based on me ..."

McLaughlin is alarmingly modest about why he didn't become a *Doctor Who* book author. "My style of prose is absolutely appalling – filling a speech bubble I'm fine, but as for stringing sentences together ... I always thought scripting was a better idea. I pitched a story back in the 1980s to [TV script editor] Andrew Cartmel, about aliens crashing in the ocean. He wrote back really nicely, suggesting I send him something at *Casualty*. But I stopped everything except comics for a while after my Dad died. Then I tried a story for 'The Stranger and Miss Brown' with BBV in about 1993 – after *The Airzone Solution* – but nothing came of it. So when the Big Finish audios came along I thought, 'No – I'm not doing this. I've shown myself up too often.' But then I heard *Phantasmagoria*, and it set me off ..."

McLaughlin had never contacted the producers before, so chose to write something 'on spec'. "I'd liked the combination of the Fifth Doctor and Peri on TV, and I've always been something of an Egyptology junkie. What surprised me was that the Doctor had never really met the ancient Egyptians on TV." Indeed, his stopover in *The Daleks' Master Plan* hardly involves him with the locals at all. "So I initially decided on a completely historical story about Hatshepsut, who became the first female Pharoah aged 17 ... I wrote an episode and a half, but it wasn't working, and the thriller writer Paul Doherty was using Hatshepsut as the basis for an excellent series of books, so I stopped. Then I moved the story forward by 100 years and invented Erimem, which also freed

What secret power has the mercenary Yanis gained?

Time-Path Indicator

YOUR COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE COMING MONTHS IN *DOCTOR WHO*

SEPTEMBER

Monday 3

Video **Doctor Who: Four to Doomsday** by Terence Dudley [Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa & Tegan] *BBC Video*

Novel **Doctor Who: The City of the Dead** by Lloyd Rose [Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Anji] *BBC Books*

Novel **Doctor Who: Psi-ence Fiction** by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books*

Audio drama **Professor Bernice Summerfield and the Skymines of Karthos** by David Bailey *Big Finish* £9.99

Saturday 8

TV **Doctor Who: Warriors' Gate** by Stephen Gallagher [Fourth Doctor, Romana II, Adric & K9] *UK Gold*

Sunday 9

TV **Doctor Who: The Keeper of Traken** by Johnny Byrne [Fourth Doctor, Adric & Nyssa] *UK Gold*

Tuesday 11

DVD **Doctor Who: The Five Doctors** [various] by Terrance Dicks *BBC/Warner Home Video* (USA/Canada) $24.99

DVD **Doctor Who: The Robots of Death** by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC/Warner Home Video* (USA/Canada) $24.99

DVD **Doctor Who: Spearhead from Space** by Robert Holmes [Third Doctor & Liz] *BBC/Warner Home Video* (USA/Canada) $24.99

Video **Doctor Who: The Sun Makers** by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor, Leela & K9] BBC (Australia/NZ) $tbc

Saturday 15

TV **Doctor Who: Logopolis** by Christopher H Bidmead [Fourth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa & Tegan] *UK Gold*

Sunday 16

TV **Doctor Who: Castrovalva** by Christopher H Bidmead [Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa & Tegan] *UK Gold*

Monday 17

Audio drama **Doctor Who: The Eye of the Scorpion** by Iain McLaughlin [Fifth Doctor & Peri] *Big Finish*

Video boxed set **Doctor Who: The Davros Collection** [various: comprises *Genesis of the Daleks, Destiny of the Daleks, Resurrection of the Daleks, Revelation of the Daleks & Remembrance of the Daleks*] *BBC Video/WH Smiths Limited Edition* £34.99

Thursday 20

DWM 309 on sale

Saturday 22

TV **Doctor Who: Four to Doomsday** by Terence Dudley [Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa & Tegan] *UK Gold*

Sunday 23

TV **Doctor Who: Kinda** by Christopher Bailey [Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa & Tegan] *UK Gold*

Saturday 29

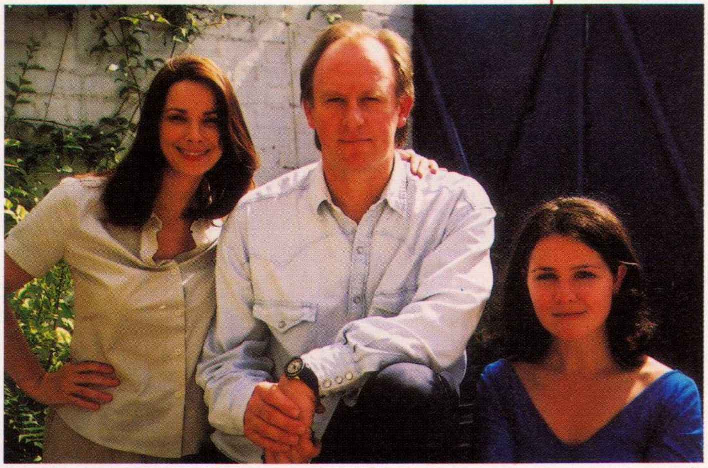
TV **Doctor Who: The Visitation** ➤

Coming Up ...

me for an ending as – unlike Hatshepsut – she doesn't have a real history."

So are any of the characters that he ended up with historical? "Not a single one. Having put a science fiction element into it – a creature that's deliberately un-named – I finished the script around February 2000, after about four or five versions, before sending it to [co-producer] Gary Russell. Then I thought, 'It's bound to take him ages to reply,' so I sent in two more scripts in March and April. I was thinking I would cudgel them into submission with a script a month!"

But when the big envelope returning the scripts arrived, he found only three inside. "There was a letter from Gary saying, 'I'm hanging onto one, you might want to have another crack at it.'" Encouraged, McLaughlin wrote another full draft, and in November 2000 heard back from Russell, with annotations on every script page. "He said, 'I know it looks like I hate this – but I don't, except for the ending.'" The finale in question? A fight scene that was too visual; McLaughlin had to rewrite the last ten minutes. "When I'm writing comics, I have to be visual, so if people fall over things, you deal with the repercussions – they slide or bounce off something else ... I needed something different here, went back to an idea I'd had for a McGann story – and after Christmas, Gary commissioned me."



Pyramid power: Nicola Bryant, Peter Davison and young Pharaoh Caroline Morris

Nicola Bryant's Peri is very active in *The Eye of the Scorpion*. "Gary insisted that she needed to be a strong character – so her role was strengthened in almost every rewrite." More unusually, McLaughlin has written an episode where the Doctor's involvement is minimal. "A nod to the past – I wanted it to feel like a Hartnell historical, hence 'The episode without the Doctor ...'"

Not that this left Peter Davison's Doctor feeling sidelined. "It's an excellent story," observes Davison, adding jovially, "There's a lot of chariot acting, which must be the 21st century version of corridor acting. But I think we adapted to it very well – and really, it's a good action story."

McLaughlin says: "In his last series, Peter's Doctor was stronger, more 'up and at 'em'." Hence the chariot chases: "I'm dying to hear those!" admits the author. "Why not have him on a chariot? Why not have him doing a Perry Mason bit?" – referring to a 'courtroom' scene which recalls the detective's dramatic expositions.

Davison, meanwhile, is clearly still enjoying these productions. "I think I prefer the Earth-based time and space stories to the interplanetary ones. Although in theory the audios give us enormous scope, I think it's better when the audience has something to relate to ..."

Someone fairly easy to relate to is the young royal Erimem, played by Caroline Morris, who describes her character thus: "She's the daughter of the now-deceased Pharoah, and all her brothers have previously died, leaving her as next in line. She's 17, and not been groomed to be Pharaoh at all – she didn't expect it, doesn't want it, and doesn't like the aspect of 'duty' that's been thrust upon her." Erimem also seems unusually open-minded. "She is quite a free-thinker for her time – she really just wants to go and study," says Morris. "But she's also feisty ... It's a brilliantly written part – any actress reading that role would go, 'Wow! What a great character!'"

How did she get the part? "I met [co-producer] Jason Haigh-Ellery when I went to the Panopticon convention last year with my friend Matthew Shakespeare – out of curiosity! I'd enjoyed *Doctor Who* no end as a kid, and Matt's a big fan so I thought it would be fun. I found out Jason was a producer and – being an actress – just happened to say, 'Can I send you my voice tape?' – and here I am, having just the best two days ever. Jason had said that it's a real family atmosphere. I didn't want to leave the studio – I wanted to carry on!"

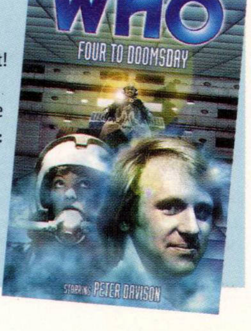
Playing chief villain Yanis is Harry Myers, who says: "Yanis leads an army of mercenaries based out in the desert. He's a very loud, hard man; his troops all respect him because he's such a frightening character. His lines are very abrupt: he thinks everyone apart from him is useless. Yanis has stumbled across a box which contains a tool he doesn't know anything about. He thinks it's going to allow him to take over the world ...

Why has the TARDIS been reprogrammed – and what is the secret of the Sphinx?

"It's my second Big Finish, but my first role in *Who*," confirms Myers. "I was in *Bernice Summerfield and the Stone's Lament*. Growing up, Peter Davison was my first real Doctor Who – I only vaguely remember Tom Baker – and Peri was my favourite sidekick, so working with them now has been a wonderful experience."

For McLaughlin, having this story finally made feels "very strange. It's the icon thing: it was such a big part of my being a kid. I would go with my Dad to see Dundee Utd play, watch *Doctor Who*, then Basil Brush ... That was our Saturday routine for years." Visiting a studio where a cast is enjoying acting out his script has taken him aback. "It shocked me because I really didn't think I could do non-visual stuff at all ..." MARK WYMAN

Win Enlightenment!



Come dancing with Doctor Who and friends in this month's release from BBC Video, Season 19's tale of free will, frogs and folk dancing, *Four to Doomsday*. The first story recorded by Peter Davison, it sees our hero pitted against Stratford Johns' green-faced, power-hungry Monarch and an army of robot philosophers aboard a giant spacecraft! With Burt Kwouk along for the ride and more fancy footwork than you can shake an aboriginal spear at, *Four to Doomsday* is available to buy from 3 September. You, however, could be lucky enough to win one of ten copies we've been given by the marvellous people at BBC Worldwide – but only if you can answer the following simple question:

Four 'whats' to Doomsday, exactly?

Is it: [a] *days*; [b] *Tops*; [c] *pints?*

Answers on a postcard or a stuck-down envelope marked CONFORMITY IS THE ONLY FREEDOM to the editorial address by 20 September, please ...

The City of the Dead

a novel by
Lloyd Rose

Published by BBC Books on 3 September
Featuring The Eighth Doctor, Fitz Kreiner and Anji Kapoor
Enemies Voodoo practitioner Jack Dupre and petty criminal Vernon Flood
Setting New Orleans, the present day (more or less)
You'll like this if you like ... *Vampire Science, Live and Let Die*
Watch out for The Doctor's dreams

New Orleans is a city unlike any other, rejoicing in lethargic langour, in faded grandeur ... in decay, darkness and death. Fitz and Anji aren't sure what to make of it – and, as usual, the Doctor's left them to enjoy the scenery while he busies himself. But he seems even more mercurial than usual – are there sinister reasons behind his recent nightmares? He's dreamed that something has infiltrated the TARDIS – but surely nothing can enter the TARDIS?

You may not have heard of Lloyd Rose, the latest in an increasing stream of new writers brought to the BBC range by editor Justin Richards – but she's the theatre critic for *The Washington Post*, and already has a TV writing credit (for US cop show *Homicide*) on her CV. After ten years, what suddenly attracted her to the notion of writing a *Doctor Who* novel? "I hadn't known there were any! I have a very poor sense of the show's history, having seen all the Tom Bakers and Sylvester McCoys but only smidgens of the others. When I discovered the novels in December 1998, I caught up fast and read all of the *New Adventures* and the BBC Eighth Doctor Adventures over a few months. I liked what was being done to expand and build on ideas implicit in the television show. At the time of my proposal, I had no idea of any ongoing story in the novels – I was just writing a one-off."

The City of the Dead is dedicated to Kate Orman – is she a friend, or an inspiration? "Both. I got to know her because I liked her work so much. The book is dedicated to her, because her books gave me back *Doctor Who*." As the only female, non-British writer to have contributed to both the Virgin and BBC ranges, Orman might provide something of a role model for non-WBM (white British male) potential *Doctor Who* writers. Does Rose feel that her different background means her take on the show differs from other that of novelists? "The problem I was most aware of was trying to make sure none of the English characters spoke like I do!"

The setting for the novel, New Orleans, is presented in a morbidly evocative tone – one of both celebration and despair. "I've visited New Orleans a great deal, and the city is obviously very compelling and almost invites you to write about it. It provided an atmosphere that helped generate the story – and I did like the notion of the TARDIS sitting among the above-ground tombs. The inspiration, such as it was, was my dissatisfaction with the cheerful, bouncy persona of the Eighth Doctor, and wondering if there were anything else in there that could legitimately be brought out. *The Ancestor Cell* and *The Burning* came out after I had worked the character out, and I was very glad to have the shadings of amnesia and ambiguity from those books to add in."

As with last month's *Bullet Time*, *The City of the Dead* seems to belong to a different era; the ethos seems very like that of the Virgin-era novels. "It was the *New Adventures*, particularly the books by Kate and by Paul Cornell, that brought me back to *Doctor Who*, and *The City of the Dead* reflects that. My favourite era of the show, mundanely, is the Holmes and Hinchcliffe years, and the book reflects that too. I'm satisfied that I did the best I could. Whether that's good enough, is another matter ..." DAVID DARLINGTON

What's been causing the Doctor's nightmares?

Psi-ence Fiction

a novel by
Chris Boucher

Published by BBC Books on 3 September
Featuring The Fourth Doctor and Leela
Enemies Something with highly-developed psychic powers ...
Setting The University of East Wessex, the present day (more or less)
You'll like this if you like ... *Image of the Fendahl, The Blair Witch Project, Festival of Death*
Watch out for Students getting out the ouija board. Clichés are clichés because they're true ...

What is parapsychology? Telepathy, remote viewing, precognition, stuff like that – and it's not very scientific, at least in the eyes of many in the academic community, including one Professor John Finer. Such scepticism doesn't worry the East Wessex campus' resident celebrity academic, Barry 'Ghostbuster' Hitchins – who's more concerned at the hitherto latent powers suddenly evident in many students. Powers that, the Doctor has already observed, are causing a fault in the fabric of the multiverse. But who would wish to do such a thing? What would it achieve?

Psi-ence Fiction is the third novel from the pen of Chris Boucher, one-time *Doctor Who* scriptwriter. Not that the change of medium is getting any easier to cope with – or "it doesn't seem to be," as the writer laments. "I start each time more or less convinced that I can do it – then sign the contract, and become convinced that I can't. It didn't help that the contracted length for *Psi-ence Fiction* was 10,000 more. Being a quiet sort of bloke, I was fairly sure that I wouldn't normally speak the number of words I had undertaken to write in the time I had undertaken to write them. Actually I doubted whether I would normally have made that number of separate sounds – and that included snoring and breaking wind. Compared to scriptwriting, prose writing is a much harder way to not quite make a living ..."

So much for easier – but are his books getting better? "I hope so. Practice never makes perfect, but if it doesn't make for some slight improvement it's a bit of a waste of time. Not that I've got anything against wasting time – it's just that I can think of more amusing ways to do it. I actually like the constraints of writing for TV. Not those constraints which mean avoiding anything which some emotional inadequate thinks might upset the children; such constraints are crap – and pernicious and dangerous crap at that. But the actual need to tell a story within production limits and format conventions is easier, I find, than being given a cast of thousands and permission to do whatever I like."

Psi-ence Fiction's core ideas – scientific investigation of fantastic concepts, something nasty lurking in a wood – cannot help but recall Boucher's 1977 story *Image of the Fendahl*. This is entirely intentional – indeed, he admits that "My three novels do sort-of parallel my three TV shows, and that did become sort-of deliberate – although this story is also partly based on a horror film script I wrote but couldn't sell. That's a script for a horror film, you understand, not a film script that was a horror. Oh, I don't know, though ..."

All of Boucher's *Doctor Who* work has featured the Fourth Doctor and Boucher's own companion character, Leela. Isn't he ever tempted to see what the other regulars are like? "My problem is that this team is the only one I'm properly familiar with, and to do another pairing I would have to do some extra research. I hate research – it's boringly like work." So with a second trilogy complete, what next? "I am, as they say, free. Well, not free, but remarkably cheap ..."

DAVID DARLINGTON

Why are Wessex students showing psychic powers?

by Eric Saward [Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa & Tegan] *UK Gold*

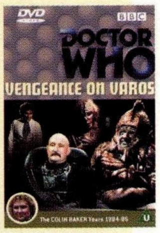
Sunday 30

TV Doctor Who: Black Orchid by Terence Dudley [Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa & Tegan] *UK Gold*

TV Doctor Who: Earthshock by Eric Saward [Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa & Tegan] *UK Gold*

OCTOBER

Monday 1



DVD Doctor Who: Vengeance on Varos by Philip Martin [Sixth Doctor & Peri] *BBC Worldwide*

Novel Doctor Who: Grimm Reality by Simon Bucher-Jones & Kelly Hale [Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Anji] *BBC Books*

Novel Doctor Who: Dying in the Sun by Jon de Burgh Miller [Second Doctor, Ben & Polly] *BBC Books*

Soundtrack Doctor Who: The Daleks' Master Plan by Terry Nation & Dennis Spooner [First Doctor, Steven, Katarina & Sara] *BBC Radio Collection £tbc*

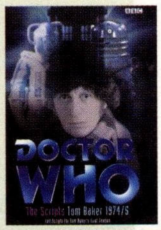
Monday 15

Audio drama Dalek Empire 3: "Death to the Daleks!" by Nicholas Briggs *Big Finish £9.99*

Thursday 18

DWM 310 on sale

Non-fiction Doctor Who: The Scripts – Tom Baker 1974-5 Edited by Justin Richards, Barnaby Harsent & Andrew Pixley *BBC Books £15.99*



Monday 22

Audio drama Doctor Who: Colditz by Steve Lyons [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *Big Finish*

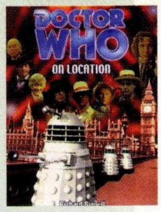
DOCTOR WHO
COLDITZ

Friday 26

Non-fiction Doctor Who on Location by Richard Bignell *Reynolds and Hearn £17.95*

NOVEMBER

Monday 5



Video boxed set Doctor Who: The Master Limited Edition Tin (*The Time Monster, Colony in Space*) [Third Doctor, Jo & UNIT] *BBC Video £24.99*

Novel Doctor Who: The Adventuress of Henrietta Street by Lawrence Miles [Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Anji] *BBC Books*

Novel Doctor Who: Instruments of Darkness by Gary Russell [Sixth Doctor, Mel & Evelyn] *BBC Books*

Monday 12

Novel Professor Bernice Summerfield and the Glass Prison by Jacqueline Rayner *Big Finish £6.99*

Thursday 15

DWM 311 on sale

Monday 19

Audio drama Doctor Who: Primeval by Lance Parkin [Fifth Doctor & Nyssa] *Big Finish*

Friday 23

Novella Doctor Who: Time and Relative by Kim Newman [First Doctor & Susan] *Telos Publishing £10/£25*

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PART ONE

Dad's army

Once upon a time, children cringed in fear when the Cybermen went on the march – but the terrifying tots of today wouldn't bat a tattooed eyelid. In the first of a two-part feature, Jonathan Blum advises the monsters of yesteryear on how to sharpen up their image – and regain the respect they deserve ...

It's almost a fairytale now. When we watch a Dalek story, these creatures are from a faraway world in a faraway time, the offspring of a battle between two faraway races. Stylised symbols of Aryan purity versus stunted fascists – icons modelled on the losers of a war more than half a century back.

But that wasn't what got people behind the sofa nearly 40 years ago. The first Dalek story was written a matter of months after Kennedy and Khrushchev brought the world to within a day of the Big Flash. Skaro could actually have happened that evening, or the next. There was nothing fantastical about two power-blocs destroying their civilization in a day – the parents watching with their children knew this, just as they knew the bombed-out London which *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* showed them a year later. The idea of invaders levelling the city, and turning Londoners into slave-labour gangs, had been just as immediate during the Blitz as these fears of the end of everything were now.

Most of the people reading this magazine weren't born into that world. We may remember the Cold War as the background radiation of our teenage years, but even by then the immediate danger of the flashpoint had receded. Most of us are from the first generations this century to grow up without an immediate likelihood of being sent to war. And our fears and concerns have shifted even more in the last decade, as the threat of world war has given way to smaller, nastier ethnic conflicts.

Which only underscores the hard job that writers face when they tell stories of monsters in *Doctor Who*. The monsters hold up a mirror to our great fears, but over the 25 to 35 years since most of the successful *Who* monsters were created, our fears have changed markedly, along with our world. These creatures originated in a very specific time and place, but story after story has revisited them through the eyes of a world increasingly distant from that time.

The Daleks: years into the future – and the past. © BBC Video

By the year 2001, the assortment of childhood nightmares which *Doctor Who* has unleashed will have rampaged through TV sequels, audio plays, books, spin-off videos, comics and more. But how have these new stories stretched our picture of these aliens, to keep them relevant to a changing world?

And where can they go from here?

As far back as the early 1970s, *Doctor Who* writers were unafraid to radically reinterpret their creations. The Ice Warriors were the first monsters to take this route, when their creator Brian Hayles turned them from invading thugs to honourable members of galactic society. *The Curse of Peladon*, after all, was inspired by Britain's contemporaneous entry into the Common Market, and this new take on the Martian militarists served as a neat commentary on the need to put aside centuries-old European political feuds. In the process, *Doctor Who* got a jump on *Star Trek*, beating the post-Cold War revamping of the Klingons by a good 15 years.

But in the decades since, *Doctor Who* has lost a lot of ground in the depiction of monsters of all kinds; everything from *Babylon 5* to *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* has spent vast stretches of time painting detailed portraits of non-humans in action. That's the first bit of the outside world which new stories need to take into account: the increased sophistication of the competition.

The Cybermen are probably the foes most visibly in need of a brush-up. If you look at them in terms of the real world, the fear which underlies them – dehumanisation through replacement of worn-out body parts – seems rather quaint in an era where artificial hips and artificial hearts are increasingly commonplace. And in the fictional world, the basic ideas have now so visibly 'Been Done', and by people with more money than *Doctor Who* could dream of. A bare few months after the Cybermen's last TV appearance in *Silver Nemesis*, *Star Trek: The Next Generation* introduced the Borg, and that take on the idea of a cybernetic race made it as far as the big screen. At their height, they demolished planets, converted the series' heroes and made mincemeat out of Starfleet's ships – barely speaking, but acting with a degree of efficiency and success which the Cybermen rarely achieved, and all with a distinct lack of easy weaknesses (radiation, or gold). Alice Krige's Borg Queen and Jeri Ryan's Seven of Nine even have a degree of sex appeal and characterisation denied David Banks' Cyberleader (although the **DWM** comics creation Kroton the soulful Cyberman knocks them all for six in the 'winning personality' department).

It's reached the point where any attempt at relaunching the Cybermen for a mass audience would have to do something radically different. In the mid-1990s, when Philip Segal and John Leekley took on the task while developing a 'bible' for a new *Doctor Who* series for Fox, they turned them into 'the Cybs' – "slash and burn marauders of the galaxy" who have ruined the environment of their own planet, Mondas. Far from being emotionless, these 'cybotic' beings are described as "very handsome and quite vain", and the Doctor uses their arrogance and vanity against them.

Genesis of the Daleks may have mixed historical metaphors, but it brought the Daleks' origin right up to the minute

Heretical, of course – but is it really that far from the actual depiction of the Cybermen on-screen, as opposed to what the programme guides say they're *supposed* to be? The riled-up Cyberleader from *Revenge* is only one starting point. When, as early as *The Moonbase*, the Cybermen are using sarcasm and sneering about "stupid Earth brains", you have to wonder how much like the Borg ideal the Cybermen actually were.

Perhaps this has to do with the fact that *Star Trek* actually made all its Borg episodes about the things which made the Borg tick – their assimilation of things and people, their emotionlessness, their collective mind. The Cybermen, however, even by their second appearance, were being ill-served by stories which overlooked all of the above. In *The Moonbase* the main threat is simply that the Cybermen will take over the Earth, not directly that they will turn you into them. Imagine search-and-replacing Sontarans (who have also been known to use mind control on stupid Earth brains) into *The Moonbase*; the changes are minimal. Or imagine if *Revenge of the Cybermen* had featured a new alien race, one which happened to be allergic to gold without a dubious mechanical explanation, a race which subsequently appeared in *Silver Nemesis*. Both these stories and the Cybermen would possibly be need to be thought of more highly. There wouldn't be the need to pay lip-service to Cyber-concepts like emotionlessness, or retro-fit further weaknesses into the existing race. In many ways the TV series kept pushing aside the distinctive terrors of cybernisation in favour of a simpler fear, one perhaps more immediately disturbing to citizens of a fading empire – that of straightforward invasion.

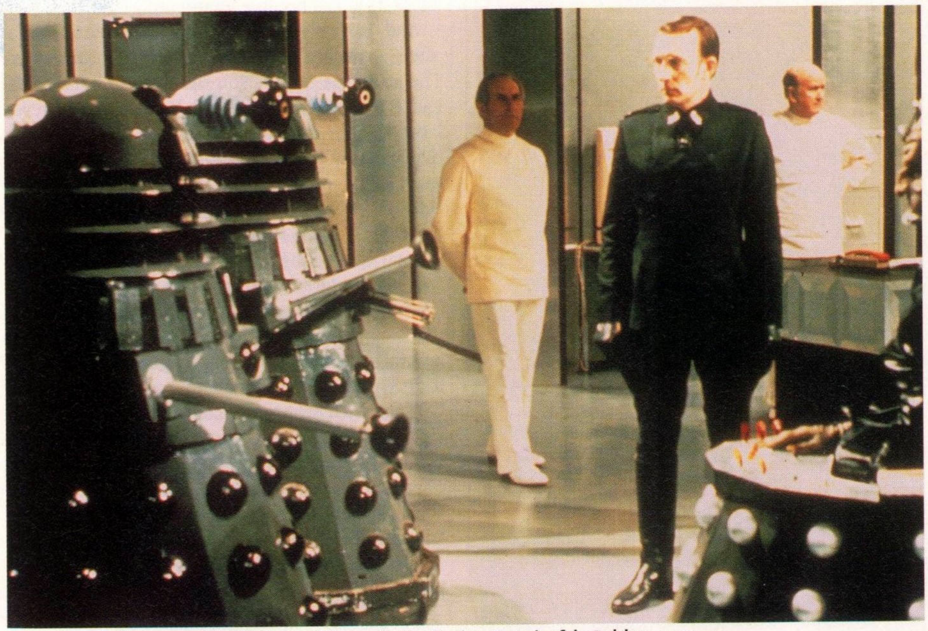
So the story of the reinvention of the Cybermen, in the books and the audios, has been one of engaging with the concepts which the TV stories established, but then shied away from. There's far more about the horrors of the machine or the nature of cyborgs in recent tales than television could ever have dared present. Curiously, though, the authors of stories like *Sword of Orion* don't seem to see themselves as reinventing the Cybermen. More, they feel they're faithfully recreating them – trying to perfectly capture something which, in fact, never quite existed on screen. They're not trying to compete with the Borg, but with our memories of what the Cybermen *should* have been like.

Put like that, it all sounds rather inward-looking – a focus on past glories. But knowing what you're drawing on is the first step of a successful reinvention. As *Bloodtide* author Jonathan Morris puts it, "With old monsters you have to go back to the basic idea of what the monster is, what makes them different, and then use that and only that as your starting point. You have to try to take them in a new direction while staying true to their fundamental essence."

It's the other half of the picture which is even more important: a successful

Overleaf: The Titans of Telos menace *The Moonbase* (1967). © The Hulton Getty Picture Collection updating has to look outward as well, drawing on ideas from the immediate world of the audience – the way *Doctor Who* on television reinvented itself by 'borrowing' from everything from media trends (Jason King, Hammer horror, early 1980s music videos) to real-world developments ('Swinging London', the Age of Aquarius, global politics).

Remembrance of the Daleks, nearly 13 years ago now, was probably the classic example of Morris' approach to reinvention. It focused the Daleks clearly on their core issue, race hatred, for the first time in almost 15 years – but it did so by looking outwards, at the real society which spawned the Daleks. *Remembrance* was the first story to remind us that the Daleks have their roots in a very particular time and place – and that in that world, the racial lessons of World War II were still somewhat unlearned. Racial issues are reflected on every level of the story, from the reinterpreted Dalek civil war down to the way the grainy black-and-white images of Davros ranting bring to mind newsreels of Hitler. More fundamentally, *Remembrance* also showed the Daleks as more directly threatening than they'd been in ages – they put an end to the jokes about stairs, they wheel out the big guns, they display subtlety and strategy in their infiltration of London, and it's stressed that the only way for the human military to succeed is to avoid fighting the Daleks at all costs.


A war to end all wars: Daleks, Nyder and Davros in the Bunker. *Genesis of the Daleks*. © BBC Video

But *Remembrance* also grounded the Daleks in the past (even more so now, as we realise that the story was made back when Ronald Reagan was still President and Margaret Thatcher still Prime Minister). None of the Dalek stories since then have tried to relate the question of race hatred back to our present-day world, even as we've lived through Bosnia and Rwanda and Gaza.

Back in 1975, just as *Genesis of the Daleks* mixed its historical metaphors, it brought the Dalek origin story right up to the minute. With the Nazis already 30 years in the past, *Genesis* appears to have been reaching back even further for its primary image of war, to the trenches of World War I. But by changing a one-day war into a thousand-year one, Robert Holmes and Terry Nation were very much reacting to an issue of 1975. In the 12 years since the first Dalek story, the public's image of global conflict had been transformed from the instant Armageddon of Kennedy's day to the brutal, endless slog of Vietnam, waged with the stated goal of blasting the enemy back to the Stone Age. The ground war itself is torturous enough, with the final missile from on high being only the capper. And rather than gentle, learned Dals being provoked by an aggressive warrior race, this version of the myth gave neither race any hint of the high ground; a post-Watergate dose of *realpolitik*. This new take on the story lifted an established icon to a new level.

At times, however, new perspectives gained through additions to the mythos of established races can leave their original meanings obscured. In the case of the Silurians and Sea Devils, *Warriors of the Deep*, Johnny Byrne's Reagan-era allegory of Mutually Assured Destruction, picks up on the social commentary of their earlier appearances – but the Cold War storyline tends to move the Doctor's plea for coexistence into the ideological realm rather than the racial, which is where Malcolm Hulke's first pair of stories had their focus.

It's not surprising that, in the era of AIM and African independence, the original inhabitants of the planet we occupy were painted as a threat. We moved in and took over their land – now they're getting their own back, and they're mad as hell. In the immediately post-colonial world of 1970, where people could still say 'the natives are restless' without too much irony, the fact that Hulke shows the reptile natives as being justified in their claim to the land, and identifies the real danger as being paranoia and aggression on both sides, is perhaps a bit bolder than he's usually given credit for. Even so, no matter how justified they are, on TV the reptile races are still primarily a threat, a problem to be dealt with.

Later stories, starting as early as *Warriors*, built tremendously on the moral and cultural angles of Hulke's originals, and the books and audios have filled in large stretches of background culture for them – but at the cost of a major downplaying of their behind-the-sofa factor. Remember, for their first four episodes or so – about as much time as the Autons get in their entire first story – the Silurians are shown as perhaps the most intrinsically terrifying threat so far in *Doctor Who*. Not even the Daleks are presented as so brain-crunchingly horrible that they leave people who see them gibbering with terror and drawing madly on the walls (Nicholas Briggs' use of the Silurians in an HP Lovecraft pastiche in the late 1980s fan-produced audio *Endurance* seems rather fitting in this context). And yet the same story shows this race as open to negotiation, unlike practically every other menace in the series. It's an interesting paradox, often neglected in recent years – one of the most reasonable 'monster' races in *Doctor Who* gets one of the most unreasoning reactions from humans.

Revolting natives? The Ogrons in *Day of the Daleks*. © BBC

Take the Autons and Nestenes. When they first appeared, these were probably the most multifaceted monsters in terms of their scare appeal. In the space of four short episodes, they touch on practically every standard *Doctor Who* monster image, from the invading army to the internalised 'Gothic' concerns of later Hinchcliffe and Holmes stories. They control your mind and make you do their bidding; they create evil duplicates of you; they bring inanimate objects to life; they're a *Quatermass II*-style infiltration of the authorities; they're armies of unstoppable fiends stomping down the street; finally they're vast incomprehensible Lovecraftian horrors (represented by the odd rubber tentacle). But the most unique aspect of their scariness, their connection to the era which spawned them, has largely been lost in the shuffle in more recent portrayals.

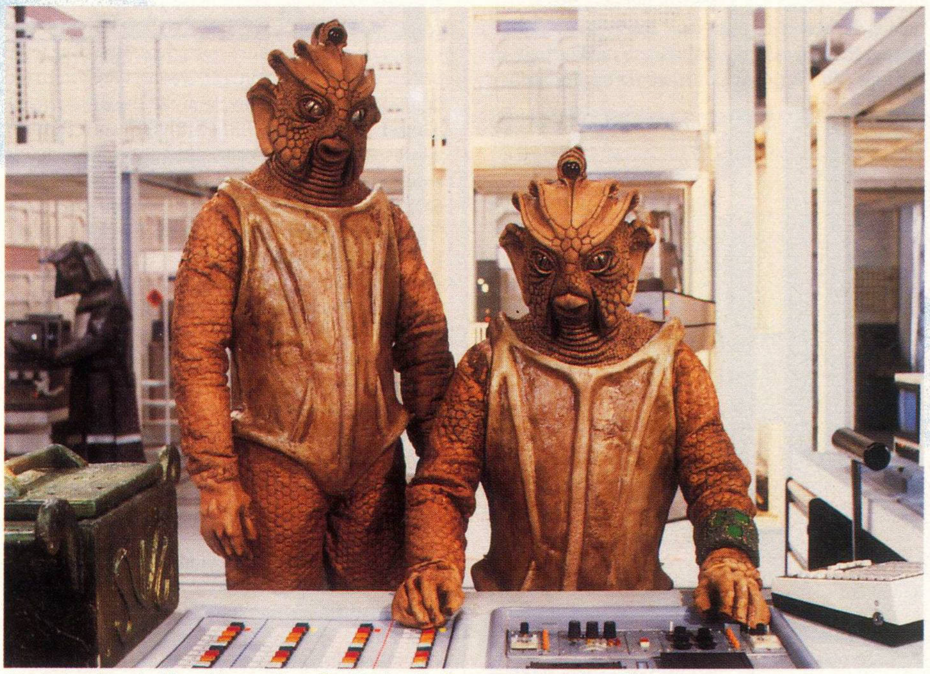
Back when *Spearhead From Space* premiered, *The Graduate* had just turned 'plastics' into a swear-word – a shorthand for all the shiny hollowness represented by cheery 1950s 'Better Living Through Plastics' techno-propaganda. So the march of the mannequins in *Spearhead* didn't just make people think of inanimate objects coming to life; it had some of the same connotations of dehumanising technology coming back to bite you as the Cybermen did. Today, it's easy to read *Spearhead*'s stock-footage sequence of plastic dolls being built on an assembly line as simply an over-long establishing shot for Hibbert's factory – but in the context of its time, the rows of staring plastic faces being pushed along by machine arms aren't a million miles away from the equally lingering depiction of Daleks being mass-produced in *The Power of the Daleks*.

These days, though, no one even seems to blink at mass production, and plastics aren't as foregrounded and trendy as the inflatable armchairs of 1970. Sure, there's plenty of plastic junk being flogged in the marketplace, but the fact that it's plastic isn't its main selling point. Which is probably why the Autons' recent return appearances, in stories like BBV's independently-produced *Auton* video trilogy, have downplayed the 'plastic' aspects in favor of more straightforward paranoia.

The way in which plastic has shifted from 'trendy' to simply 'omnipresent' points out the trap which many monsters fall into as they age. Many *Doctor Who* monsters (including the transplant-themed Cybermen, and those original Daleks) hinge on the fear of the new, or of the future; when the new becomes old, or the future doesn't turn out quite as feared, their threat is hollowed out.

Perhaps the classic example is *The War Machines*, built around the idea that networking the world's computers will give them the power to control our minds and build an army of killer robots to overrun London. It's gloriously overblown in that particularly 1960s computer-paranoia way – but at the same time, the emphasis on the network is nearly three decades ahead of its time. It wouldn't be until the mid-1990s that every series from *Buffy* to *The X Files* to *Homicide* suddenly discovered the Internet, and more or less simultaneously did their 'Net thriller' episodes – they'd suddenly realised that the person on the other end of that e-mail could be a serial killer or artificial intelligence or fat-sucking vampire. And they proceeded to tell us all about what this meant, with scenes nearly as restrained as Professor Krimpton yanking off his glasses to declare that mankind will never be enslaved by machines.

As time passes, and the Net becomes more and more a part of our daily life, that batch of stories are already beginning to look as hysterical (in multiple senses of the word) as *The War Machines* does. Familiarity is the enemy of paranoia. It's been observed that in a few years, when everyone's refrigerator can upload a message to their PC to tell them they left its door open, the idea of a 'Net thriller' will seem as odd as a 'phone thriller' would be.



"And what does the big red button do, Scibus?": the Silurians go MAD. *Warriors of the Deep.* © BBC

But that's the clever thing about *The War Machines* – it shows us how we can pull off a 'phone thriller'. Major scenes of tension are built around perfectly ordinary, familiar telephones, when the audience knows a call is coming which will spell disaster for our heroes should they answer it. The technology itself is backgrounded; it's not the issue to be feared, more the medium for the fear. And while WOTAN's spinning tape drives and punchcards lose their ability to awe, the straightforward tension of the phone sequence has dated far less.

On top of that, the very omnipresence of a phone – meaning that a malevolent intelligence can reach anyone, almost anywhere, through an action we perform without thinking every day – adds a layer of fear of its own. And more, this kind of scare bypasses the problems of the '*Alien* principle' – the rule that monsters work best when confined to the shadows. Once the monsters are seen, or once the scary technology becomes commonplace, familiarity breeds contempt. But subverting something which we already take for granted, from the phone to toy soldiers (done so beautifully in the **Doctor Who Weekly** comic strip *Business as Usual*), bypasses that problem. Showing that the monsters are all around us makes it more scary.

It's about time *Doctor Who* drew on this approach a bit more. People say that part of the show's appeal was that it made the mundane frightening, but *genuinely* mundane environments are even more rare than those mythical sleepy English villages. Even the 'grounded' Third Doctor era was generally set in a high-tech action-adventureland of labs and bases, not the middle-class world of pussycats, fish and chips, and the London docks. Pertwee never went to Tooting Bec; the closest he'd get would have been a Yeti on the loo at a scientific research centre.

If *Doctor Who* genuinely looks at the things we take for granted, rather than trendy novelties like plastic flowers or chatrooms, it can create something which lasts beyond a moment's scare. In the right hands, the fact that plastics have faded so much into the background in the year 2001 could bring a new level of paranoia to the Autons. Today we've entrusted our society's memory and infrastructure entirely to plastic; videotape cases, floppy discs, even CDs are all built around those vulnerable polymers. A couple of plastic-coated wires deliberately shorting out could do anything from electrocuting a man to crashing a plane (Gary Russell's novel *Business Unusual* takes a step in this direction, with the image of a web of plastic-coated coaxial cable reaching into every home). And these days no-one is afraid that having an artificial heart will turn you into a Cyberman – but if you point out that your life now depends on the proper functioning of a tiny plastic valve ... The social relevance of the Autons may have faded as the world changed, but it doesn't need to be lost; it could actually make them scarier than ever.

> **No matter how justified they are, on TV the Silurians and Sea Devils are a threat – a problem to be dealt with**

Cringe! Gibber! *Doctor Who and the Silurians.* © BBC

But there's another approach to reinvention as well, which *Doctor Who* has only in recent years begun to explore. It's not just the successes which are fair game for reinterpretation now, but the also-rans or the outright failures. The books and audios have picked up on less-than-memorable foes like the Drahvins or the Malus to drive new stories. Part of the reason for this is the authors' greater level of fan knowledge – who but a fan would care to revisit something so obscure? – but there's also an influence from the larger world as well.

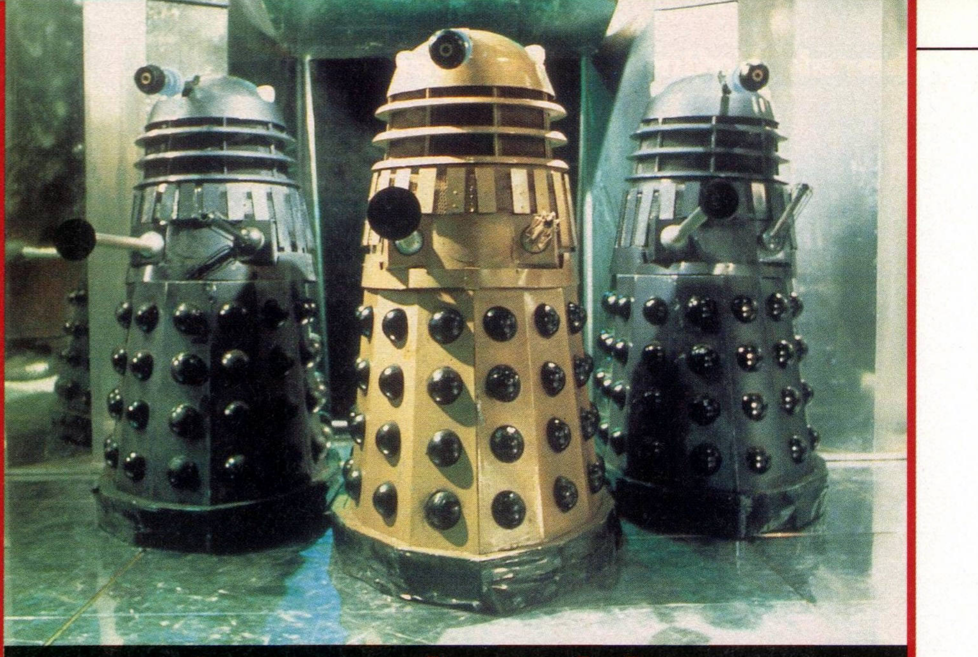
Throughout our culture, this past decade has been an era of sampling, of *bricolage* – found-object collages, the borrowing of bits and pieces chosen for their impact or amusement value in their own right, without regard for their original context. We've all heard remixes of songs which leave out the original's hook, which twist a soundbite we know until it's completely lost its original meaning, or which elevate a bit of trivia into something iconic. This sort of thing depends on the audience's knowledge of other works; these days we can hardly breathe without knowing winks, irony, camp or general irreverence. Films like *Godzilla* now base entire advertising campaigns on in-jokes; every hit series from *ER* to *Friends* to *Buffy* regularly makes reference not only of the events of the series so far but to its conventions as well. In a nutshell, the world itself has become increasingly fannish.

And in this sort of complete reinvention, it's often best not to respect the essence of the monster. The prototype for this sort of salvage job has to be Paul Cornell's *No Future*, which builds up to the revelation that the force menacing the Earth is, in fact ... the Vardans! It's a good joke, but what makes it work is that immediately after Benny acknowledges the fundamental second-rateness of the Vardans as invaders, Cornell starts rebuilding them from the ground up – taking a few details from their appearance in *The Invasion of Time* and extrapolating out both their abilities and their society. One line from this story, about how the Vardans can travel down any form of broadcast wavelengths, becomes the trigger for a gonzo plot about invasion via TV and CD, and their telepathic nature is Cornell's cue to slot them into the collective unconscious of 1970s Britain as they infiltrate the pop-culture 'mediasphere'. From their drab green uniforms he extrapolates a spartan military race, and suggests that they transcended their physical forms through martial meditation, thus neatly tying in with the 1970s pop-Zen of the Pertwee era which the book pays tribute to. But the development doesn't stop there. There's nothing in the established 'essence' of the Vardans which confirms their ability to tailor their human forms to suit any occasion, or take people over in the grand *Doctor Who* tradition – but there's enough there to *suggest* it. At this point the development of the race ceases to be join-the-dots and becomes a vast freehand drawing, which just happens to encompass the few dots which the previous story left on the canvas. Cornell's awareness of the humble origins of the Vardans keeps his tongue from straying too far from his cheek, but in no way does it keep him from developing quite a credible alien culture. Lawrence Miles tries the same stunt in *Alien Bodies* with the Krotons – and, arguably, with the Time Lords.

In other cases, the essence itself needs to be reworked for a modern audience to even start to accept it. Take the Ogrons, for example. Today it seems a bit dodgy to have an alien race that's big, dark-skinned, servile and dumb. We're not exactly talking Jar Jar Binks here, but when you realize how easy it would be to recast the hulking black manservant Toberman from *The Tomb of the Cybermen* as an Ogron, it does begin to look like their original portrayal was treading on slightly shaky racial ground.

Because this makes it difficult to play the Ogrons straight, a number of authors have taken one detail from their television appearances – the scenes in *Frontier in Space* where the Master ridicules them – and turned that into the new keynote of their character. In Gareth Roberts' *The Romance of Crime*, they're not just dumb, they're *utterly* dumb, and in David McIntee's *Mission: Impractical* they're the outer space version of New Lads. They avoid offensiveness by going far beyond any possible comparison with humans; they're not aliens so much as apes. (Though when Terrance Dicks presents us with an "uplifted" Ogron in *Shakedown* and *Mean Streets*, ever so upper-crust as he pours the tea, a faint whiff of the old mockery of Eton-educated 'darkies' begins to creep back in.) At the other extreme, Ben Aaronovitch in *So Vile a Sin* (again built on by Lawrence Miles in *Interference*) takes the approach that the Ogrons are far more sophisticated than we thought – a matrilineal culture hollowed out by slavery, whose subsonic speech is literally beyond our ability to hear it.

Either way, this probably represents one extreme of reinvention – a complete inversion of the race's perceived meaning. Whether it's a feminist reinterpretation of the Drahvins (perhaps they're a hermaphrodite species which really has no need of men, playing on the myth of the warrior Amazon for reasons of intimidation?), or a hard-hitting tale set in the war-torn past of Dulkis, the point is actually to tear up the essence in favour of something better.



Repackaging: the Daleks

HOW WOULD YOU PRESENT THE DALEKS FOR THE AUDIENCE OF 2001?

Lance Parkin

AUTHOR [*FATHER TIME, THE DYING DAYS*]

"The Daleks are symbols of hatred, war, genocide, blind obedience, science gone wrong. The worst parts of humanity. In the 1960s, that was expressed by making them the ultimate Nazis. Now they'd be ethnic cleansers, suicide bombers, dropping fuel air bombs, conducting experiments on embryos. But at the heart of it, the Daleks are evil children. Bullies, with a simple moral code and the power to enforce it. Getting the Daleks right is easy, the job's done for you. It's showing how the Doctor stands up to them – that's the hard part."

Nicholas Briggs

WRITER/DIRECTOR [*DALEK EMPIRE*]

"However much *Doctor Who* fans may cringe and spit at the *Star Trek* and *Babylon 5* franchises, I think that since *Doctor Who* went off the air, more emotional reality has crept into TV science fiction. Those shows have rewritten our expectations of science fiction drama. So I think the best way to do Daleks is the best way to create any fiction or indeed fantasy: imagine what it would be like if it were really happening, and do it that way. Then, because this is part of the *Doctor Who* genre, modify this approach by avoiding sexual swear words, overt sexuality and ghastly, graphic violence, whilst keeping it shocking and exciting. Don't alter the nature of the Daleks, but make them more cunning, sinister and ruthless."

Jonathan Morris

AUTHOR [*BLOODTIDE, FESTIVAL OF DEATH*]

"What makes Daleks scary is that they are caricatures of a dark and nasty part of human nature: the part that fears and hates those who are different from us and is prepared to sacrifice all individualism for the sake of a greater whole. Fascism, in other words. And the most frightening Dalek stories are not those where they are evil monsters from space; they are the ones where they are allegorical Nazis."

In a way, the entire essence of 'monster-ness' has been inverted in recent years. Probably the key way in which monsters have changed, to modern eyes, is that there's far less of a gap between them and our heroes. The 'humanisation' of the Silurians, and the exploration of their culture, is one side of this development – but the flipside is hinted at in the closing scenes of their debut story, when UNIT wipes them out. To 2001 eyes, the moral tensions between the Doctor and UNIT aren't exactly novel, but what's startling now is how this conflict is swiftly papered over. In a series made any time after about 1992, the moral ambiguity of the Doctor's government paymasters would be the basis for several seasons of tension. But 30 years ago, it was easy for the audience to continue to accept them as heroes rather than potential monsters themselves.

This was a world without Watergate, an era when it was still more or less possible to believe that the government might not be thoroughly corrupt. Of course, there could be spots of double-dealing or incompetence among the authorities – but that didn't stop people from accepting Department S, or UNIT, or instruments of government policy like John Steed or John Drake, as unquestionably heroic icons.

It took *Doctor Who* a long time to catch up with the pervasive cynicism of recent years. But after *Edge of Darkness*, after *The X Files*, fandom suddenly seemed to realize that UNIT was precisely the sort of shadowy organisation which modern heroes fought against. So a new breed of stories, starting with David Bishop's inventive 'exposé' *Who Killed Kennedy* and Gary Russell's *The Scales of Injustice*, integrated UNIT's 'saving-the-world-over-a-mug-of-tea' cosiness into a larger murky network of alien-aware government double-dealers. The BBV audio *Old Soldiers* is one of the most explicit examples of this new ethos, as it pits a UNIT interrogator against a Sontaran prisoner for an argument about war and military discipline. In the new approach, the point of monsters isn't to threaten us with attacks from the outside; it's to show us how much we're like them.

And the Doctor himself is far from immune from the darkening of our heroes. Starting with Andrew Cartmel's TV stories and continuing through the books, the Doctor found himself gazing regularly into a Nietzschean abyss, by way of comic artist Frank Miller's *Dark Knight* version of Batman. Even as he fights them, the monsters are there to remind the Doctor of what he could easily become.

The best *Doctor Who* stories of the 1990s balanced the Doctor's increasing moral complexity with an undiminished sense of charm and humanistic playfulness. He may have killed billions of Daleks and used or sacrificed people for the greater good, but he would still lay his life down for his best friend; he would still spend an evening just being a street-corner juggler; he was flawed, grappling with huge dilemmas, but still capable of tremendous good. Some of the *worst* stories of the 1990s, though, took this a step further; they presented the Doctor's heroism as rather stupid, really – something glib and naïve, incompatible with the complexity of the real world. They weren't searching for a more honest heroism; the very idea of a genuinely heroic figure was anathema to this mindset.

And what room does this leave for monsters? In a world so relentlessly grey, where every alien race has their own code of honour but a human character would be ridiculed if they behaved with such straightforward motives, is it even worth thinking in terms of 'monsters' any more? DWM

To be concluded

Miss Zygon!

From Victoria ... to Queen Victoria: Deborah Watling returns to the worlds of *Doctor Who* alongside her fellow *Tomb of the Cybermen* explorer Clive Merrison – oh, and some knobbly orange nasties, too. By Benjamin Cook.

The past is a foreign country; they do things differently there. "I suppose I'm middle-aged now," says Deborah Watling. "I don't feel it, but I suppose I am. There aren't enough parts written for older women. When I started out as a pretty young girl, the offers kept coming and coming – 'bubbly Deborah Watling'. Lots of my friends, who are super actresses, have now left the business to do something else. We've all done our stints as waitresses or barmaids, but what does one do when the offers dry up?"

For just under a year in the late 1960s, Deborah portrayed scream queen Victoria Waterfield, companion to the Second Doctor, opposite a menagerie of monsters and a cluster of distinguished co-stars. Her seven stories dominate umpteen 'all-time top ten' lists – though the BBC, in its shortsightedness, saw fit to lose all but a dozen of her episodes. The only serial of hers to exist in its entirety is Season Five horror classic *The Tomb of the Cybermen* – soon to be released on shiny-clean DVD.

Some 34 years after that story's transmission, independent producers BBV have reunited Deborah with her *Tomb* co-star Clive Merrison, alias First Officer Jim Callum, in a new *Who*-flavoured audio drama from the pen of Anthony Keetch – in which a Zygon, from 1975's *Terror of the Zygons*, finds himself lost in 19th century London. That's a Zygon called 'Bobby' ... "*The Barnacled Baby* is very funny," declares Clive, "and rather touching. It's based a little on *The Elephant Man*, I think. Frederick Treves was in that – and I'm called Sir Frederick in this."

Deborah shrugs. "That hadn't occurred to me. I play a sort of, uh ... well, a barmaid. A busty wretch called Vera."

"Such perfect casting!"

"I also play Queen Victoria. Two very different parts."

"She has an enormous range!"

Deborah and Clive are sitting side-by-side on the doorstep of a North London suburban residence. A full-sized Zygon lurks suspiciously in the hallway (no, really!), with the rest of the cast recording hot Victorian action upstairs. "Audio requires a very different technique," Deborah reckons, "because emotion can only surface through the voice. The face can't help you at all."

"Audio is a very rigorous thing," suggests Clive, who has the rare distinction of playing Sherlock Holmes in every single Arthur Conan Doyle story, as presented by Radio 4. "It's quite a tricky medium to master, reliant on false emotion. There should be more science fiction on the radio – it's the best medium for it. The audience paint their own scenery. I'm surprised the BBC can't, you know ... They had huge success with *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, didn't they? The BBC just aren't interested in science fiction anymore." How else has the industry changed, then, since the late 1960s? "It's like another era," he laments. "It is another era. Unrecognisable. Debbie and Frazer [Hines] would now have to negotiate eight BBC focus groups before opening their mouths."

"No-one takes a gamble anymore."

"I'm supposed to be acting in a sitcom," Clive continues, "that has been in development for *four* bloody years! Isn't there a chance that it might get overdeveloped? Everything now is to do with product initiative, expansion managers, development agendas ..." His voice tails off. "Horrible! If you screw up today, you're out on your earhole! That's the difference."

This isn't the first time that Deborah and Clive have met since 1967. "We met at BAFTA in 1993," he reports, "when they discovered *The Tomb of the Cybermen*. They invited the cast to a special screening – but I couldn't remember anyone's name!"

Deborah laughs. "I hadn't realised that half the cast were dead!"

"Oh, I had! Only you and me are still alive – and possibly Frazer."

"Yes, Frazer's just about alive!"

"He looks exactly the bloody same," bemoans Clive. "He's ageless! It's maddening." Have Deborah and Clive changed much? "A lot, I hope!"

"I'm older," asserts Deborah, "and wiser. When we worked on *Tomb* ..."

"I was only a child," Clive cuts in. "How old were you?"

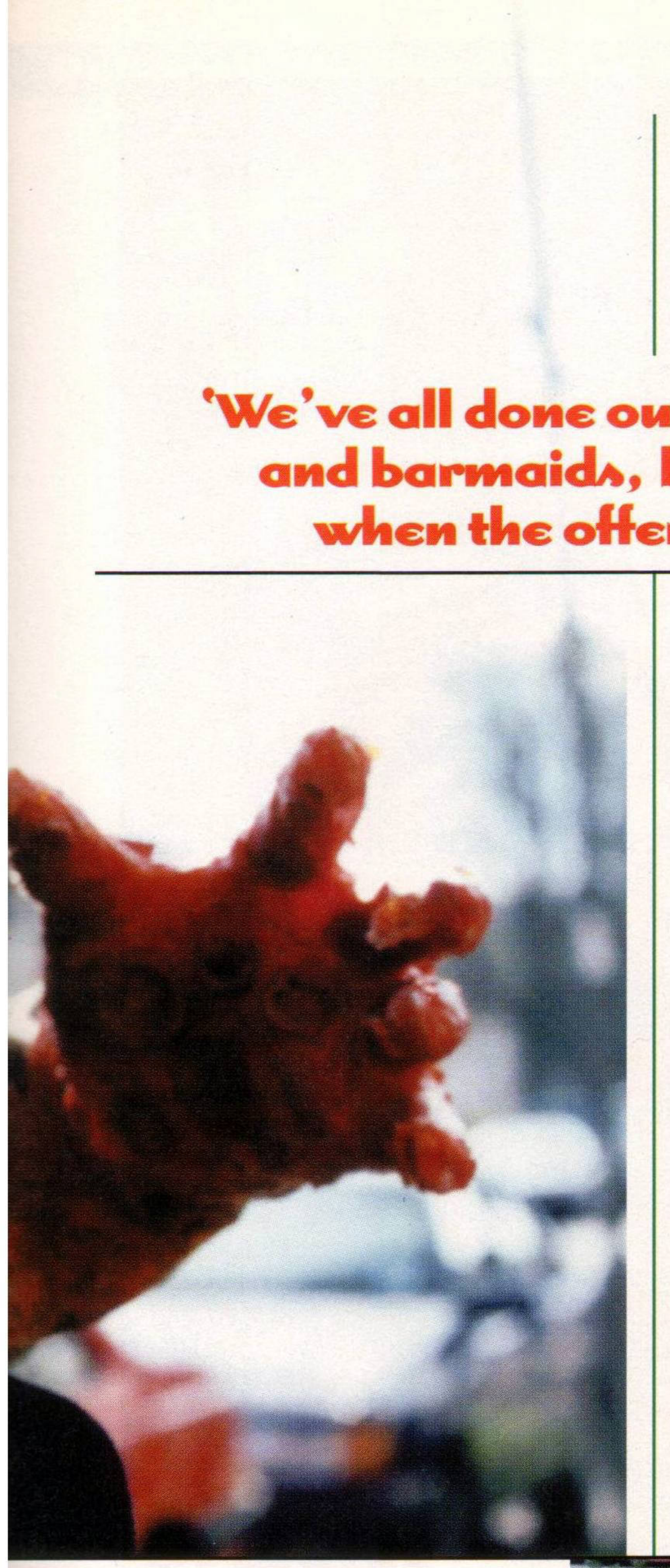
"I was 19 – and you were 21."

"Good God! It is lovely to see you again." What were Clive's first impressions of Deborah? "I thought she was incredibly cute," he discloses. "But, I mean, they were so ... Frazer and Pat had been working together for so long – it was quite daunting. They were all terribly close."

"We did try to make you feel welcome. We really did."

"Well, yes, but you were a very tight-knit little group."

Deborah concurs: "We were like a family. I can say that I've done a lot of work in my time, but I've never ever had a relationship like that. We had something magical. We used to visit each other at weekends. We couldn't wait to get back into the rehearsal room on Monday – and I think that comes across on the box. We cared for each other. Our relationship was special. We defended each other."



> 'We've all done our stints as waitresses and barmaids, but what does one do when the offers dry up?' **Deborah**

"I had to struggle for survival. It was my first television job."

"Was it really, Clive? I never knew that. I hope you enjoyed yourself." What advice would they now give themselves as they were then? "Just keep going, really."

"Or get a proper job!"

"My father always wanted me to get a proper job," says Deborah, "like a doctor or an accountant." Was *Doctor Who* sexist? "*Doctor Who* wasn't sexist ... but it was sexy! That's what it was all about in those days."

"Political correctness hadn't been invented," Clive adds. "It's a bit like ... Oh, what was her name? She wore hardly anything." Louise Jameson? "Louise, yes! I remember them saying that her role was sexist." His eyes glaze over. "Pah! I thought she was delightful."

"Victoria was written like that," takes up Deborah. "I started off with a frock down to the ground and ended up in a pelmet! On Margate Beach. In January. It was bloody freezing! Can you imagine? My skirts got progressively shorter over the course of the year, but I was just doing my job. It's called acting, I suppose." But is it difficult to act against monsters that are quite clearly men in silver suits? "We had to convince ourselves that the Cybermen were evil. Or how were we going to convince our audience?"

Clive isn't convinced. "How could anyone take Michael Kilgarriff [the Cyberman Controller] seriously inside a Cyberman suit? I'd heard him on the radio! And the Cybermats were *terrifying* ..." Clive has his tongue planted firmly in cheek. "The creatures were definitely reminiscent of *Blue Peter*. They pulled one down my body on a piece of string and then played the tape bloody backwards!"

"Weren't the Cybermats remote-controlled?" queries Deborah.

"Only when they were on the ground," Clive clarifies. "This one had to creep up my body and home in on my brain-wave. They couldn't do that on remote control, so they had to pull it ..."

"On a piece of string!" Deborah explodes with laughter.

"And Pat tied a knot in it! He played lots of little jokes."

"I didn't know until today," confesses Deborah, "that [director] Morris Barry had died. Somebody just told me."

"Morris was very old-fashioned, wasn't he? He was like a sergeant-major."

"He was quite eccentric. He would walk around the rehearsal room with his script on a music stand!" Did Deborah enjoy working with different directors every few weeks? "It was fun, actually, because they all had their different ways of working."

"Did you have any directors who went on to do other things?"

"No, I didn't, really ... Oh, Douglas Camfield [*The Web of Fear*] did quite well for himself."

"Was he any good?"

"Yes, I worked with him again. He was a lovely man – and a good director. Directors are very often channelled: you cannot swing them either way. But good directors listen."

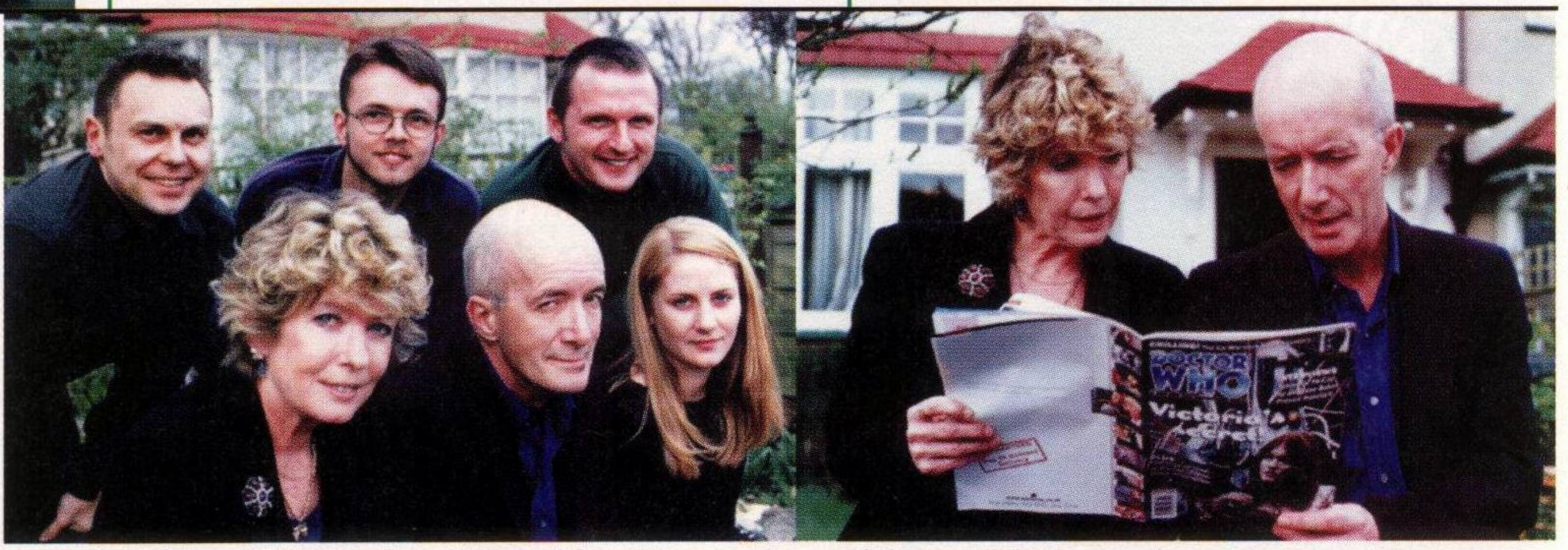
"Good directors," chuckles Clive, "are grateful for what they get!"

As mentioned above, until fairly recently *The Tomb of the Cybermen* was missing from the BBC archives. "I was aware that a lot of Pat's stuff had been destroyed," Deborah tells me. "There were rumours that Pat wanted to trash his episodes, which is absolute rubbish! Our episodes were trashed for entirely different reasons – and I hope it had nothing to do with me. Or my acting!"

"Oh, surely not! The BBC didn't know then that the stuff had any worth ..."

We are interrupted by director Paul Griggs. He is clasping a wooden spoon – and wants to take 'Sir Frederick' for a drink in 'The Broken Neck'. Apparently. So, whilst Clive performs his acting duties in an upstairs bedroom, Deborah takes me back to her 1950s childhood. "Are you sure you want to go back that far?" she teases. "When I was 11 or 12 years old, I wanted to be a dentist. Don't ask me why." Oh, go on – why? "I'm short, you see, so the first thing I notice about a person is their teeth! That little obsession didn't last very long." So why did she plump for the acting profession? "Excitement! I suppose it had something to do with being brought up in an acting family. My father [Jack Watling] was an actor – and so was my mother [Patricia Hicks]." Was Deborah's foremost desire to act or to be famous? "To act, actually. And to be famous – that's always a bonus, isn't it?"

Deborah made her professional debut at the tender age of ten in the ATV series *The Invisible Man*. A year later she was cast opposite George Cole in *The Life of Bliss*. "I then failed my O-level exams and went



Deborah Watling and Clive Merrison [bottom right] with cast and crew of *The Barnacled Baby* ... and a certain tatty rag. Pictures © BBV

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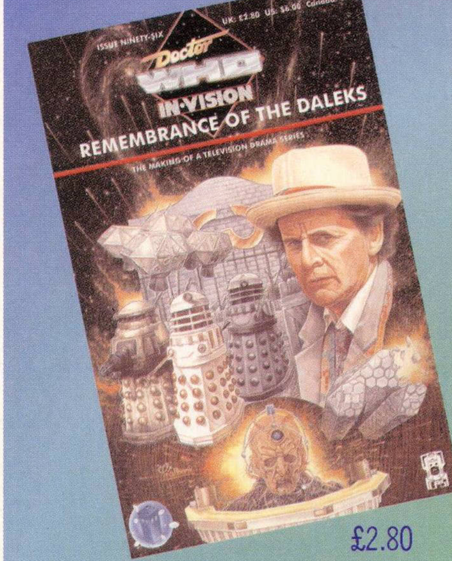
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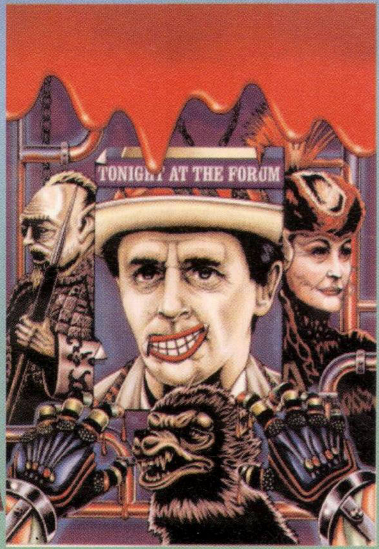
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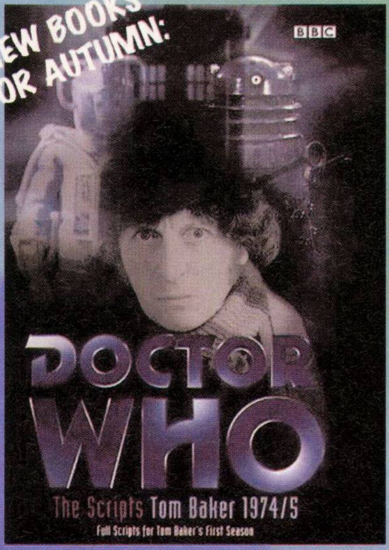
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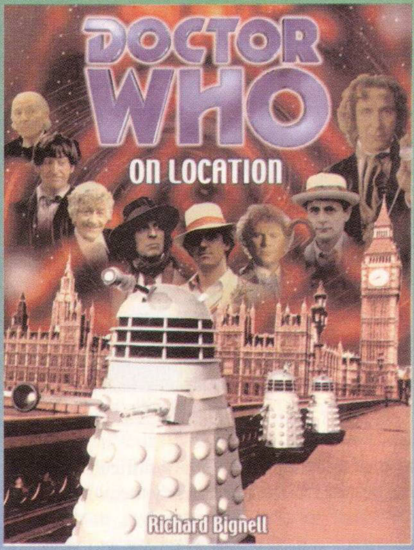
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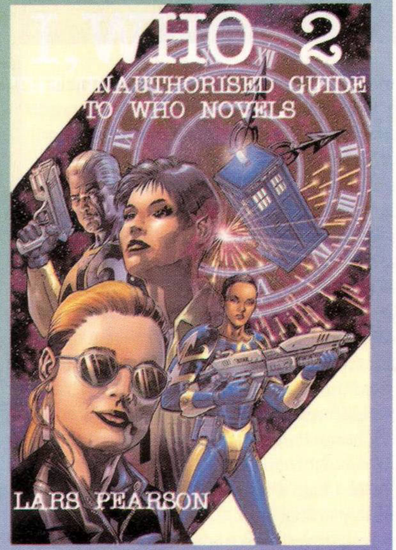
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to drama school – but I didn't like it, so I walked out after only three weeks. They were churning out actresses on a production line, crushing any individuality. That wasn't for me, so I left – and got myself an agent."

Deborah details how she came to be cast as the tragic figure of Victoria Waterfield. "[Producer] Innes Lloyd saw me playing Alice in [her 1965 BBC debut] *The Life of Lewis Carroll* – and thought that I might be suitable for Victoria. They were very similar characters." Did she have to audition? "No, I just sat there with Innes and talked it through. I didn't audition, I didn't read, I didn't do anything." I remind Deborah that she had originally auditioned for the part of Polly a year or so earlier? "No, I didn't. You see, people have said this to me, but it was always Victoria. I know that there was a bit of a gap before I joined the series, because I felt that I needed a bit more experience – and so did Innes. I was always up for Victoria, though."

Had she ever watched the series as a viewer? "I saw the very first episode," she reveals, "but then I lost track. When I was cast, I thought I'd better start watching to see what it's all about!" Was Deborah inspired by any of her predecessors, then? "I saw Anneke [Wills] in it, but our characters were so different. I wasn't inspired, really, by anyone. I wanted to make the part my own. The character jumped out off the page at me. I then knew how to deal with her, how to sustain her, what she was thinking and when she was thinking it. And I could always go to Pat for advice if I had a problem. 'How about trying it this way?' he'd say. 'See how comfy that feels.' He'd never tell me directly to play it one way or the other."

How much of a say did Deborah have in how her character came across on screen? "Not a lot. It was quite strict in those days. You could suggest something, but really you stuck to what was written on the page. Victoria started out bewildered – and I didn't blame her! She came from Victorian times into the TARDIS and travelled the galaxy with an eccentric Doctor. Frazer has said that his character, Jamie, was always in love with Victoria. I think they were very fond of each other, but only as brother and sister. He wanted to look after her and take care of her, which was nice. Then she got a bit pluckier – and she screamed a lot, as you know. I tried to make her quite a tomboy towards the end. I wanted her to have more guts – and to join in the action. She was always running away from – or being dragged away by – a monster. And screaming. A lot."

Deborah remembers the first day filming her debut adventure, *The Evil of the Daleks*. "We filmed at a big house in Harrow," she tells me, "owned, I think, by Gilbert and Sullivan! I wore a long Victorian frock and posed for some pictures by a pond in the gardens. I remember meeting Frazer – and my co-stars on the very first day were the Daleks. I was slightly nervous, but the Daleks broke the ice! The guys inside would, er ... Well, you can just imagine what they did with their plungers! 'Ouch!' You couldn't hear them creeping up behind you, so they would, well ... It hurt!" Why were the Daleks so popular? "I can't fathom this one! Everyone knows a Dalek, don't they? I'm not being detrimental, but they were just little men inside tin cans with, sort of, plungers and bubbles and ... And we had to convince the audience that they were really, really frightening! It was just extraordinary."

> 'The Cybermats were reminiscent of *Blue Peter*. They pulled them on string and then played the tape backwards!' **Clive**

What about Frazer? Was he really frightening – or just extraordinary? "Both! He was very jokey! He was nice; we got on terribly well. He has a great sense of humour. We would shriek with laughter, driving some poor directors up the wall! And Pat used to join in. I remember one time when we were rehearsing – surprise, surprise! – in a church hall. We used to play cards in the kitchen when we weren't needed for rehearsal – and, all of a sudden, the director found himself totally alone. No actors. We were all playing cards: 'What do you think you're doing?' he said. 'I need you in the rehearsal room now!' He went mad. He wouldn't even let us finish our card game!"

Having screamed at the Daleks and at the Cybermen, Deborah's third story let her scream at some Yeti – but not, she assures me, at her father. "He always boasts that I'm his only daughter who has ever got him a job." Deborah's father, a long-serving actor in British film and television, played scientist and explorer Professor Travers in both *The Abominable Snowmen* and *The Web of Fear*. "We used to get our scripts several weeks before filming," explains his daughter. "I saw this part in *The Abominable Snowmen* and thought, 'Hang on – 'Dad could do that!' He was out of work at the time, so I suggested him to Innes. 'What a good idea,' he said. ''When you get home for tea tonight, why not ask him?' – so I did! 'Hmm ...' Dad went. 'It would be quite fun to work together, wouldn't it?' And it really was. He was terrific to work with."

Telos another: Merrison [far right] as Callum in *The Tomb of the Cybermen*; and falling prey to a Cybermat. © BBC Video

The Abominable Snowmen was afforded the luxury of a week's location filming in Snowdonia, North Wales. Deborah sums up location work succinctly: "You wake up early, tour on the same coach, get to the location, record a few scenes and have bacon butties for lunch! Location work is such fun." Isn't it cold? "Yes. Very." And the Yetis? "They were lovely! So cuddly! The poor men inside couldn't see a thing." A constraint shared, it seems, with certain Martian monstrosities ... "[*Carry On* star] Bernard Bresslaw was cast in *The Ice Warriors*," Deborah remembers, "but the poor man couldn't see out of his Ice Warrior helmet. He was supposed to drag me off through the ice caves, but he couldn't see a thing. I had to lead him! When it came to the take I lead him straight through a wall – which promptly collapsed, sending polystyrene everywhere!"

I suggest that humanoid rivals might present less of a problem, citing Patrick Troughton's portrayal of a ruthless dictator in *The Enemy of the World* ... "Salamander!" Deborah is amused. "He makes the Ice Warriors pale into insignificance. When Pat walked into the rehearsal room and started to speak as Salamander, Frazer and I were on the floor! We couldn't believe that he was really going to do it like that!" And did he? "Yes! He was brilliant, actually, but we couldn't stop laughing."

Monsters returned in Deborah's last story but one – and so did her father. "He was so successful in *The Abominable Snowmen* that they brought him back for *The Web of Fear*. They made him up as old man, with a bushy beard and spectacles! He was asked to come back again the following year, but he had something else to do." Someone who would return again and again was the soldier assigned to combat the Yeti menace. "I remember this rather young, debonair gentleman coming in to play the Brigadier ... Oh, no, he was still a Colonel at that point, wasn't he? Nick Courtney was smashing in the role! He immediately became part of the family: Pat, Frazer, Nick, me and my Dad."

Did Deborah prefer 'alien invasion of Earth' storylines? "Oh, yeah! Aliens are much more frightening on Earth. Every kid on the street would look round corners thinking, 'They're going to land! They're going to land!' Grown men, strapping lads, still come up to me in the street and start quivering: 'Ooh, I remember you from *Doctor Who*! I was so frightened.'" But in *Fury from the Deep*, Deborah's *Doctor Who* swansong, her amplified screams proved a little too frightening for a certain hostile parasitic weed. "Oh, yes! My screams destroyed the seaweed monster. I enjoyed that! It was my favourite monster, I think, because you never really saw it. You could just hear its heartbeat getting closer and closer – a bit like *Jaws*, do you remember?"

And the ubiquitous foam machine? "Oh, it was wonderful! We had a tank full of foam with, like, a trapdoor at the bottom. For one shot, we had to come up through the trapdoor and emerge from the foam in line with the camera ... First Pat emerged, then Frazer, but I was so small that I couldn't get out of the tank! 'Get me out ! Get me out!' Watling was stuck, so Frazer and Pat pulled me up – and I came out looking like a foam monster!"

How much was humour an essential behind-the-scenes ingredient, then? "Humour? Humour! I could have died!" Deborah is heartedly amused. "We sometimes had as little as five days to make a single episode, so we had to have a laugh. It was one hell of a schedule! Frazer and Pat would play practical jokes on me – and that's what kept them going! I never got my own back ... When we were filming *Fury from the Deep*, I had to get into a helicopter that had no doors, which would then take off and land on top of a cliff. I said to Frazer, 'Look, I'm so awfully sorry, but I don't like heights. Would you let me reach the helicopter first so I can sit in the middle – between the pilot and you?' He was so understanding. 'Aaww, yeah,' he said. 'Of course you can!' But when in it came to the take, I've never seen Frazer run so fast in my life! I was wheezing and groaning behind him, muttering under my breath: 'I'll kill you! I'll bloody kill you!'"

The Abominable Snowmen: Victoria and Jamie surrender to Yeti-hunter Travers (Jack Watling). © BBC

Why did she decide to leave *Doctor Who*? "It was my choice to go. I'd spent a year in it – and I didn't think I could do anything more with the character. I was going to miss the whole set-up, especially Pat and Frazer, but I can't say I regret the decision. I was out of work for nine months afterwards. I thought I'd got out in time to avoid typecasting, but it was still a problem, I have to admit."

Deborah was satisfied with how Victoria was written out. "*Fury from the Deep* was my favourite story," she nods. "Victoria stayed on Earth, didn't she? A couple adopted her." The actress remembers her last day on set: "We were recording the shot right at the end when I had to say goodbye to Pat and Frazer. It was a very emotional scene. They weren't saying goodbye to Victoria; they were saying goodbye to me. If that episode is ever found ... I was in tears, Pat certainly was, and Frazer was welling up ... We recorded the scene and you could have heard a pin drop in the studio. I looked round and everybody, the whole cast and crew, was in tears."

Amid ominous grunting and euphoric caterwauling, Clive Merrison emerges from the upstairs bedroom to join us once again on the doorstep. We wonder how things are progressing in darkest Victorian London. "Rather well, actually. I think we've finished."

"Have you enjoyed yourself, Clive?"

"Yes, I have. It's nice to notch up another *Doctor Who* on the bedpost." Ah, yes! Exactly two decades after working on *Tomb of the Cybermen*, Clive landed his second role in the show ... "I played the Deputy Chief," he recalls, "to Richard Briers' Chief Caretaker in a story called *Paradise Towers*. There was a lot more money about by then, so things were a little more convincing on the special effects front! Technology had moved on." How did Sylvester McCoy measure up to Patrick Troughton? "They were two very different kinds of actor. Sylvester came from a comic tradition, I suppose – Ken Campbell and all that. He was a very funny man, whereas Pat was a sexy one ..."

"A what one?"

"Sexy! He was a sexy Doctor."

"Yes, he was."

"Sylvester wasn't sexy! Some people say that you've got to be sexy to be on TV. Sylvester had other fine qualities, but he wasn't sexy. He wasn't Pat Troughton."

> 'Dad was out of work at the time, so I suggested him to Innes, the producer. "What a good idea," he said ...' **Deborah**

And Deborah? Pat Troughton or Jon Pertwee? "Oh, dear," she giggles, "I can't answer that! I only had one shot with Jon; my Doctor was dead. I had to run round the Cutty Sark for *Children in Need* [in the 1993 *Doctor Who* skit, *Dimensions in Time*]. I had a broken leg at the time. They had to give me a cloak. 'Isn't it dangerous,' I asked, 'to run around in a cloak with a broken leg?' Jon said: 'No, no, just give it all you've got!' And so I did! I wanted to appear in *The Five Doctors* with Pat and Jon, but I was working. Such a shame."

Take Me High (1973): Cliff and Deborah cook up 'Brumburgers'

"Jon was a good Doctor, I thought."

"Very flamboyant."

"Everyone has their favourite Doctor," observes Clive, "usually the one that they grew up with. No one worships Bill Hartnell anymore because all of his viewers are dead!" He considers this, adding: "I used to watch the old bastard, God damn it ... but I much prefer Pat Troughton! I'd always worshipped Pat. It was thrilling to work with him."

Deborah nods. "Yes, he was a marvellous man. I admired him greatly. We were very close. He became like my second Dad."

"He was a confident TV actor," notes Clive. "He didn't suffer fools, though, did he?"

"Not at all. I thought the world of Pat, but he was straight-down-the-line. He was totally professional. He'd let us giggle away in rehearsals, but once we were in the studio ..."

"There was no time to muck about in those days," Clive maintains, "or you'd never work again. We had no room for idiots or people larking about on set. We all had to be very efficient." So has *Doctor Who* run its course? "Yes," he states, quite categorically. "I think it's rather nice in the archive where it is." Or isn't ... ? "Well, yes, but ... It's a nice memory for people. I mean, these days television is all so sophisticated. *Doctor Who* is of its time. People aren't interested in it any more." Deborah remains silent.

I wonder whether either of them would like to appear on the show again. "If I were offered it," admits Deborah, "I'd love to do it. I'd like to come back as Victoria – a bit gutsier, a bit older ... Or, er, much older."

"And I'll come back as Pat Troughton! That would be fun." Would he want Deborah as his companion? "Of course I would!"

"Well done, Clive!" She grins, broadly. "That was the right answer!"

Clive heads off into the sunset – "Ooh, look at his hat! Isn't he dapper?" – and Deborah tells me about her most recent rendezvous with Victoria, in the 1995 fan video, *Downtime*. "Do you know, it was extraordinary ... I became Victoria instantly! Older, yes, but Victoria was still there. It was most peculiar. Victoria is always there. She was written in *Downtime* as a powerful woman – power suits and all that – and she was a total control-freak, the head of a facility, but you could see little bits of the old Victoria coming through." The opening scenes required Deborah to play a much younger Victoria ... "I read the script and said to the director, 'Hang on! It says here that I'm 19 years old. And, well, I'm not. If we're going to film this sequence make sure it's very dark!' We filmed it in the London Dungeon – and I think we got away with it."

Downtime introduced Deborah to fellow fan-favourite, Elisabeth Sladen. "We didn't appear in *Doctor Who* at the same time," she comments, "but we really worked well together on *Downtime*. Some actors don't look you in the eye, know what I mean? I don't know what it is about them – insecurity or whatever ... Lis and I eyeballed each other! She's a great lady to work with – and it was lovely to work with Nick Courtney again. On-screen relationships are very important."

In a not-inconsiderable casting coup, *Downtime* also persuaded Jack Watling to reprise his role as Professor Travers. "Aah, that's right," she beams. "My Dad! He looks fondly on his time on *Doctor Who*. It was so lovely to work with him again. We still give each other notes, you know, though my mother is the greatest critic of the family. My parents come to see me in the theatre. Dad will say, 'You're going a bit too out front on that bit, Deborah' – or whatever – and I'll say to him, 'You're fidgeting too much there, Dad. Calm down.'" She smiles, proudly. "We still discuss our problems with each other."

On 22 May, six weeks after this interview took place, Jack Watling lost his battle against cancer. He was 78.
Zygons: The Barnacled Baby *is available from BBV.*
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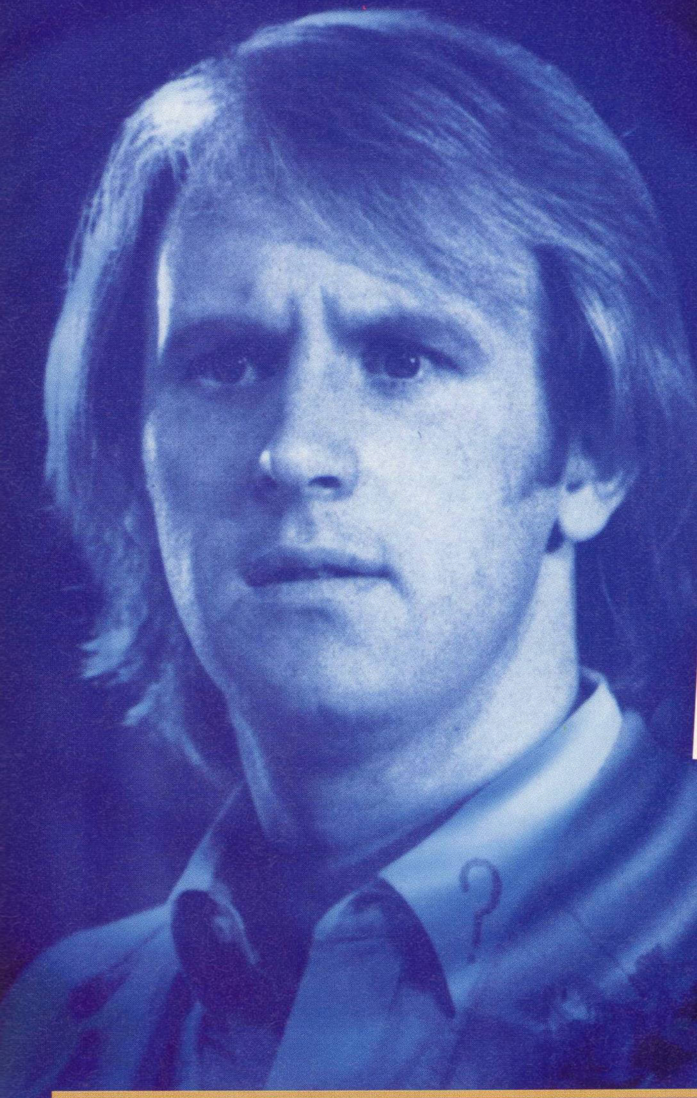

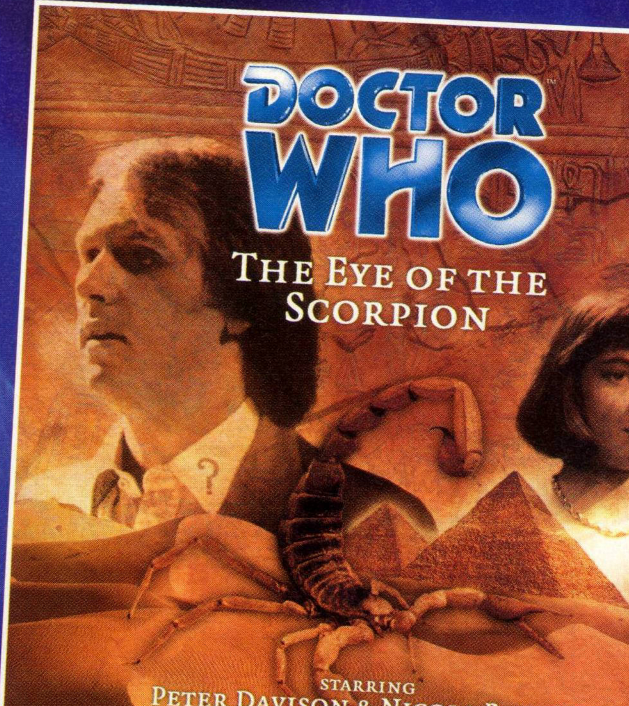
DOCTOR WHO
THE EYE OF THE SCORPION
STARRING
PETER DAVISON & NICOLA BRYANT

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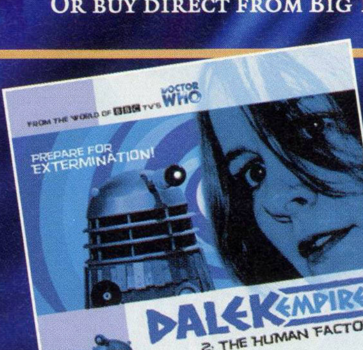
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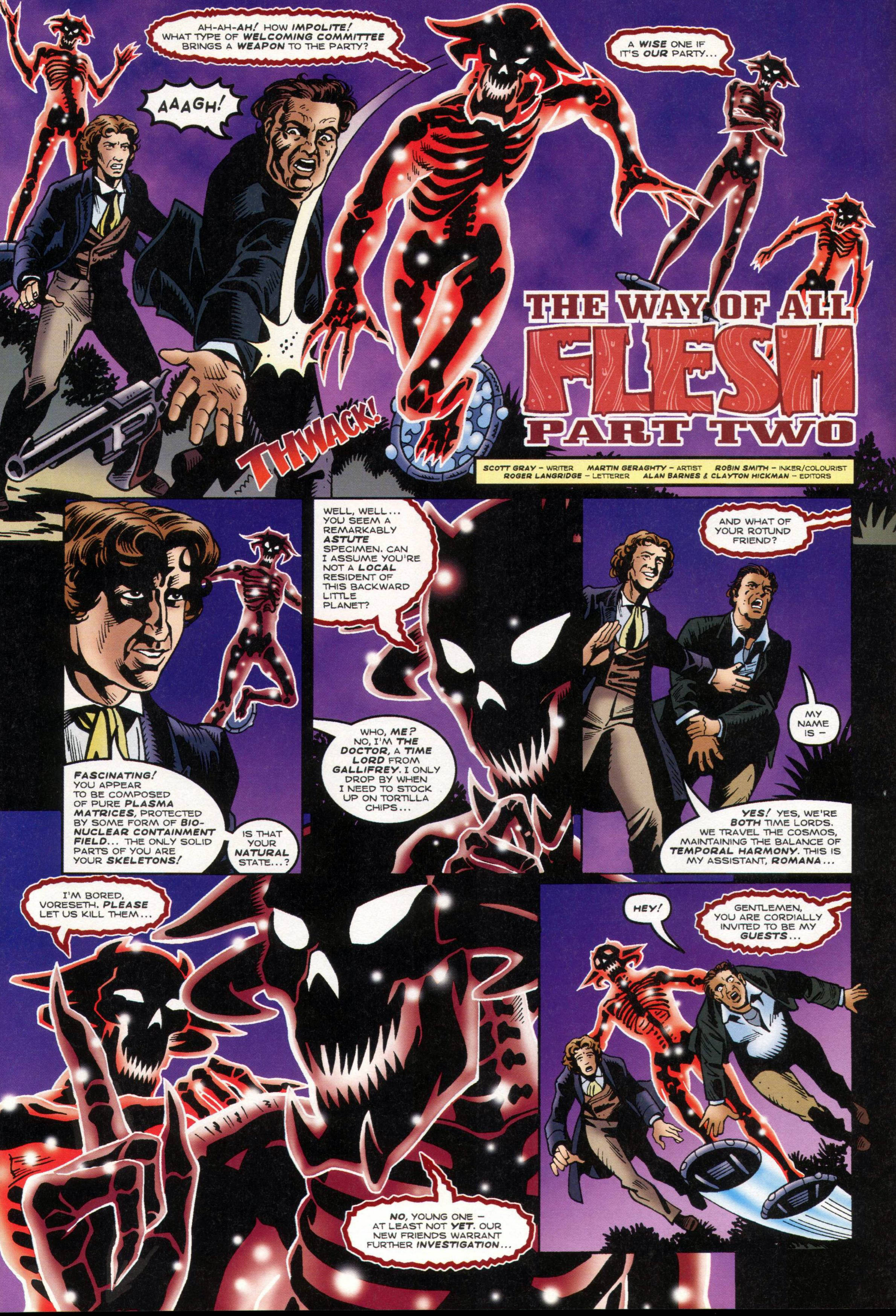
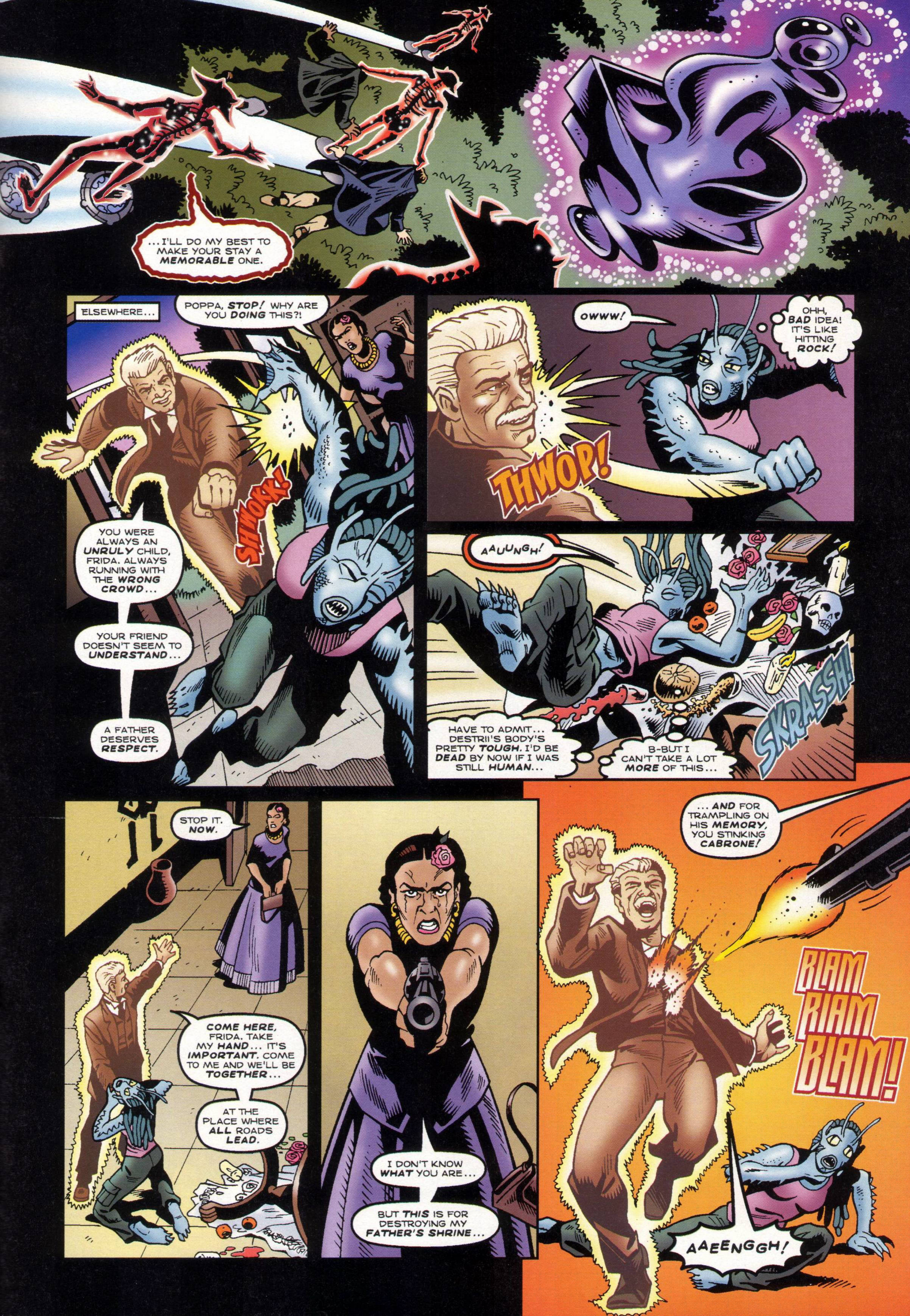
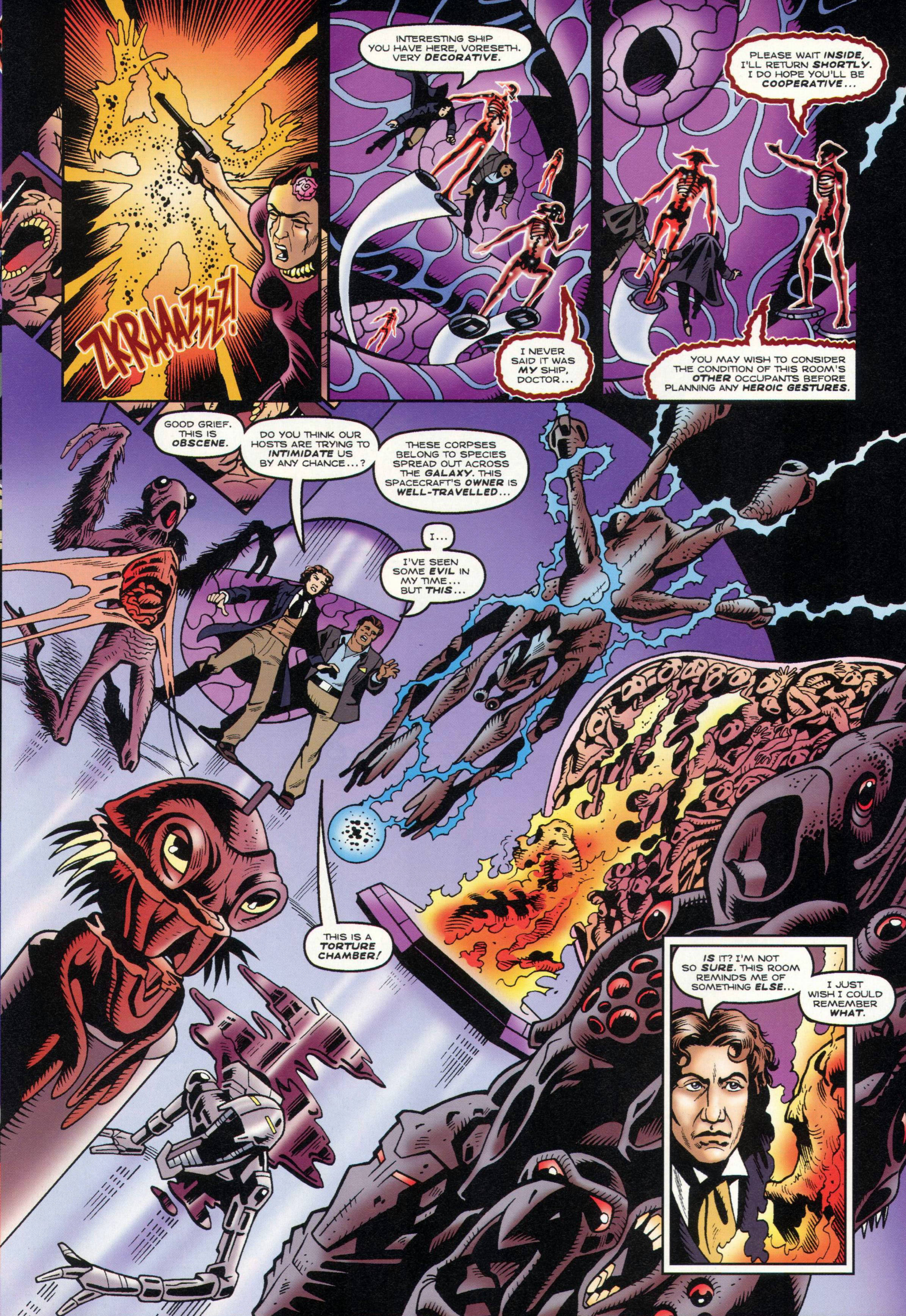
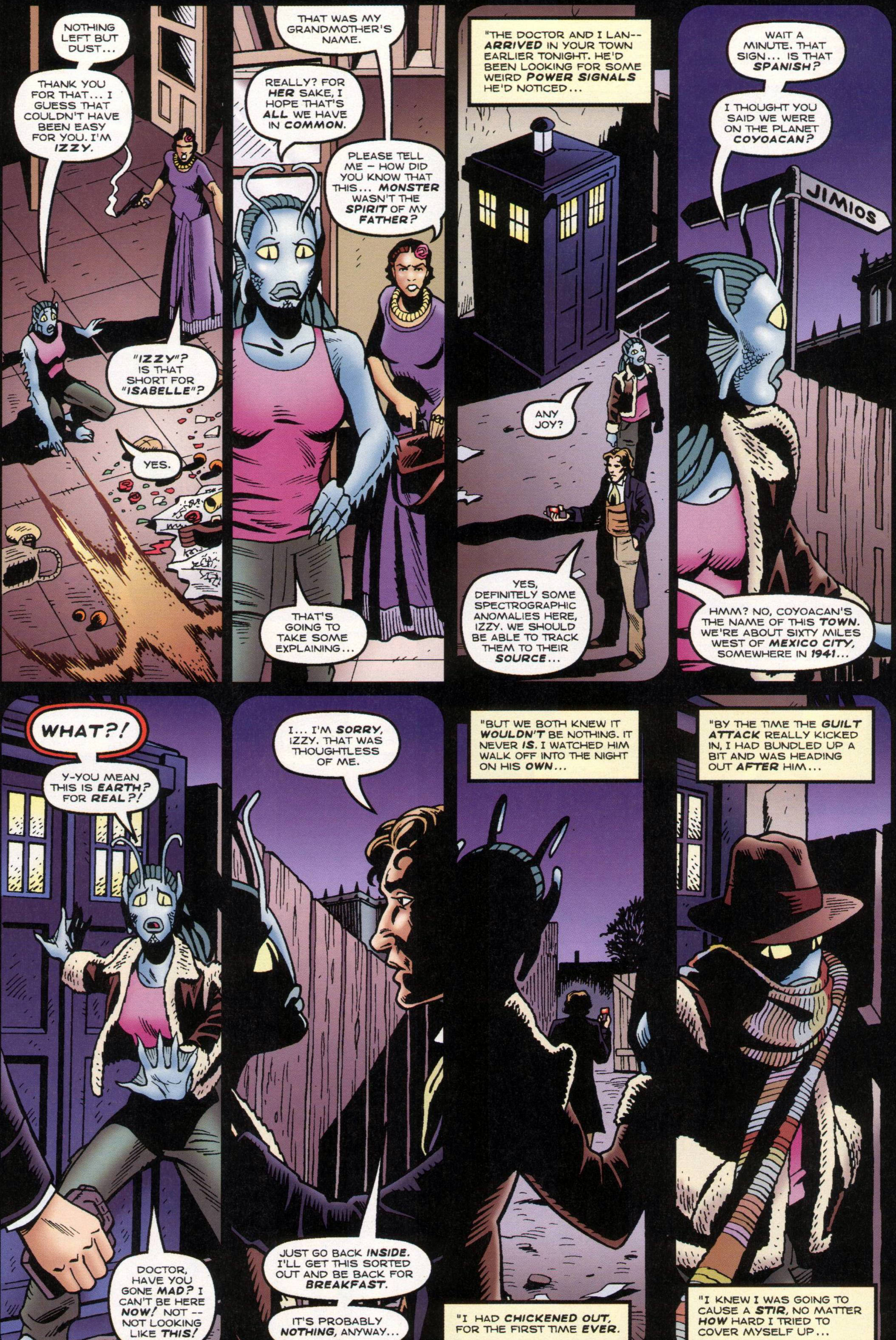
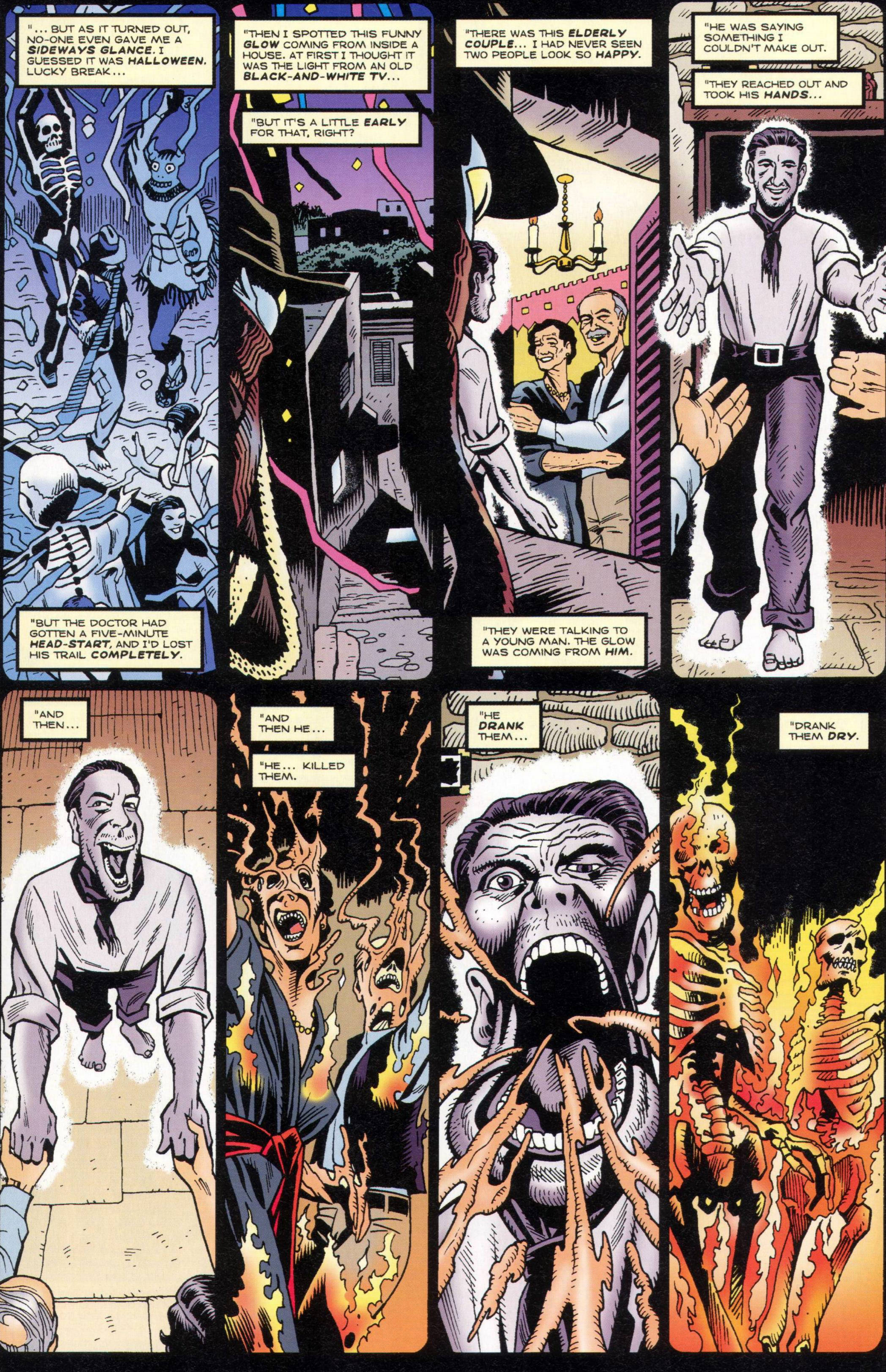
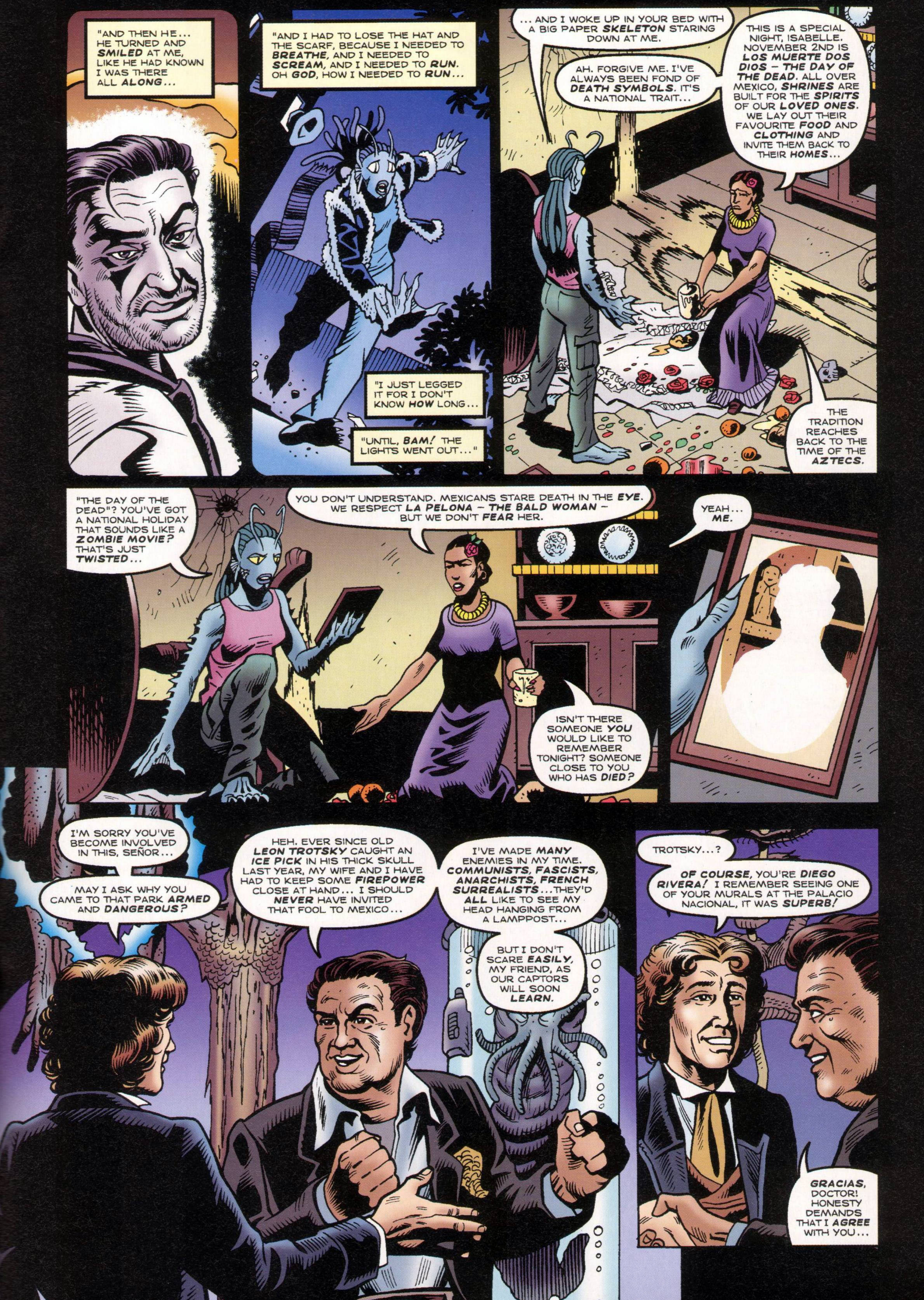

AH-AH-AH! HOW IMPOLITE! WHAT TYPE OF WELCOMING COMMITTEE BRINGS A WEAPON TO THE PARTY?
AAAGH!
A WISE ONE IF IT'S OUR PARTY...
THWACK!
FASCINATING! YOU APPEAR TO BE COMPOSED OF PURE PLASMA MATRICES, PROTECTED BY SOME FORM OF BIO-NUCLEAR CONTAINMENT FIELD... THE ONLY SOLID PARTS OF YOU ARE YOUR SKELETONS!
IS THAT YOUR NATURAL STATE...?
WELL, WELL... YOU SEEM A REMARKABLY ASTUTE SPECIMEN. CAN I ASSUME YOU'RE NOT A LOCAL RESIDENT OF THIS BACKWARD LITTLE PLANET?
WHO, ME? NO, I'M THE DOCTOR, A TIME LORD FROM GALLIFREY. I ONLY DROP BY WHEN I NEED TO STOCK UP ON TORTILLA CHIPS...
AND WHAT OF YOUR ROTUND FRIEND?
MY NAME IS –
YES! YES, WE'RE BOTH TIME LORDS. WE TRAVEL THE COSMOS, MAINTAINING THE BALANCE OF TEMPORAL HARMONY. THIS IS MY ASSISTANT, ROMANA...
I'M BORED, VORESETH. PLEASE LET US KILL THEM...
NO, YOUNG ONE – AT LEAST NOT YET. OUR NEW FRIENDS WARRANT FURTHER INVESTIGATION...
HEY!
GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO BE MY GUESTS...

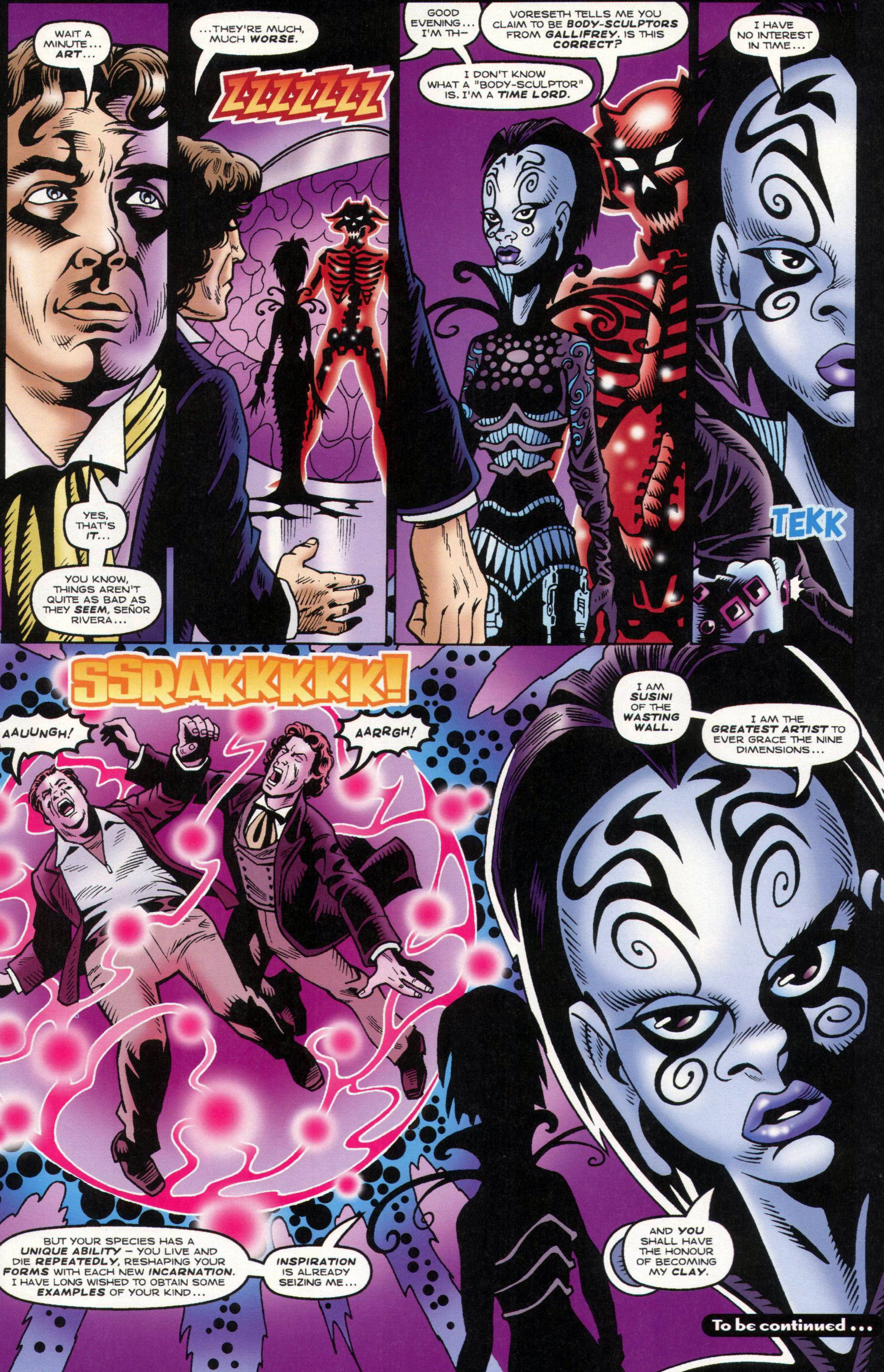

...I'LL DO MY BEST TO MAKE YOUR STAY A MEMORABLE ONE.
ELSEWHERE...
POPPA, STOP! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?!
SHWOKK!
YOU WERE ALWAYS AN UNRULY CHILD, FRIDA. ALWAYS RUNNING WITH THE WRONG CROWD...
YOUR FRIEND DOESN'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND...
A FATHER DESERVES RESPECT.
OWWW!
OHH, BAD IDEA! IT'S LIKE HITTING ROCK!
THWOP!
AAUUNGH!
SKRASSH!
HAVE TO ADMIT... DESTRII'S BODY'S PRETTY TOUGH. I'D BE DEAD BY NOW IF I WAS STILL HUMAN...
B-BUT I CAN'T TAKE A LOT MORE OF THIS...
STOP IT. NOW.
COME HERE, FRIDA. TAKE MY HAND... IT'S IMPORTANT. COME TO ME AND WE'LL BE TOGETHER...
AT THE PLACE WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE...
BUT THIS IS FOR DESTROYING MY FATHER'S SHRINE...
...AND FOR TRAMPLING ON HIS MEMORY, YOU STINKING CABRONE!
BLAM BLAM BLAM!
AAEENGGH!


ZKRAAAZZZZ!
INTERESTING SHIP YOU HAVE HERE, VORESETH. VERY *DECORATIVE*.
I NEVER SAID IT WAS ***MY*** SHIP, DOCTOR...
PLEASE WAIT ***INSIDE***, I'LL RETURN ***SHORTLY***. I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE ***COOPERATIVE***...
YOU MAY WISH TO CONSIDER THE CONDITION OF THIS ROOM'S ***OTHER*** OCCUPANTS BEFORE PLANNING ANY ***HEROIC GESTURES***.
GOOD GRIEF. THIS IS ***OBSCENE***.
DO YOU THINK OUR HOSTS ARE TRYING TO ***INTIMIDATE*** US BY ANY CHANCE...?
THESE CORPSES BELONG TO SPECIES SPREAD OUT ACROSS THE ***GALAXY***. THIS SPACECRAFT'S ***OWNER*** IS ***WELL-TRAVELLED***...
I...
I'VE SEEN SOME ***EVIL*** IN MY TIME... BUT ***THIS***...
THIS IS A ***TORTURE CHAMBER!***
IS IT? I'M NOT SO ***SURE***. THIS ROOM REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING ***ELSE***...
I JUST WISH I COULD REMEMBER ***WHAT***.

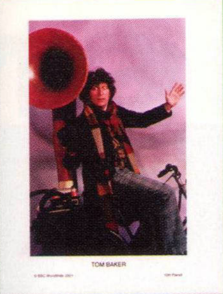

NOTHING LEFT BUT DUST...
THANK YOU FOR THAT... I GUESS THAT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN EASY FOR YOU. I'M **IZZY**.
"**IZZY**"? IS THAT SHORT FOR "**ISABELLE**"?
YES.
THAT WAS MY GRANDMOTHER'S NAME.
REALLY? FOR **HER** SAKE, I HOPE THAT'S **ALL** WE HAVE IN **COMMON**.
PLEASE TELL ME – HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT THIS... **MONSTER** WASN'T THE **SPIRIT** OF MY **FATHER**?
THAT'S GOING TO TAKE SOME EXPLAINING...
"THE DOCTOR AND I LAN-- **ARRIVED** IN YOUR TOWN EARLIER TONIGHT. HE'D BEEN LOOKING FOR SOME WEIRD **POWER SIGNALS** HE'D NOTICED...
ANY JOY?
YES, DEFINITELY SOME SPECTROGRAPHIC ANOMALIES HERE, IZZY. WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO TRACK THEM TO THEIR **SOURCE**...
WAIT A MINUTE. THAT SIGN... IS THAT **SPANISH**?
I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE ON THE PLANET **COYOACAN**?
JIMIOS
HMM? NO, COYOACAN'S THE NAME OF THIS **TOWN**. WE'RE ABOUT SIXTY MILES WEST OF **MEXICO CITY**, SOMEWHERE IN **1941**...
WHAT?!
Y-YOU MEAN THIS IS **EARTH**? FOR **REAL**?!
DOCTOR, HAVE YOU GONE **MAD**? I CAN'T BE HERE **NOW**! NOT -- NOT LOOKING LIKE **THIS**!
I... I'M **SORRY**, IZZY. THAT WAS THOUGHTLESS OF ME.
JUST GO BACK **INSIDE**. I'LL GET THIS SORTED OUT AND BE BACK FOR **BREAKFAST**.
IT'S PROBABLY **NOTHING**, ANYWAY...
"BUT WE BOTH KNEW IT **WOULDN'T** BE NOTHING. IT NEVER **IS**. I WATCHED HIM WALK OFF INTO THE NIGHT ON HIS **OWN**...
"I HAD **CHICKENED OUT**, FOR THE FIRST TIME **EVER**.
"BY THE TIME THE **GUILT ATTACK** REALLY KICKED IN, I HAD BUNDLED UP A BIT AND WAS HEADING OUT **AFTER** HIM...
"I KNEW I WAS GOING TO CAUSE A **STIR**, NO MATTER **HOW** HARD I TRIED TO COVER MYSELF UP...


"... BUT AS IT TURNED OUT, NO-ONE EVEN GAVE ME A **SIDEWAYS GLANCE**. I GUESSED IT WAS **HALLOWEEN**. LUCKY BREAK...
"BUT THE DOCTOR HAD GOTTEN A FIVE-MINUTE **HEAD-START**, AND I'D LOST HIS TRAIL **COMPLETELY**.
"THEN I SPOTTED THIS FUNNY **GLOW** COMING FROM INSIDE A HOUSE. AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS THE LIGHT FROM AN OLD **BLACK-AND-WHITE TV**...
"BUT IT'S A LITTLE **EARLY** FOR THAT, RIGHT?
"THERE WAS THIS **ELDERLY COUPLE**... I HAD NEVER SEEN TWO PEOPLE LOOK SO **HAPPY**.
"THEY WERE TALKING TO A YOUNG MAN. THE GLOW WAS COMING FROM **HIM**.
"HE WAS SAYING SOMETHING I COULDN'T MAKE OUT.
"THEY REACHED OUT AND TOOK HIS **HANDS**...
"AND THEN...
"AND THEN HE...
"HE... KILLED THEM.
"HE **DRANK** THEM...
"DRANK THEM **DRY**.


"AND THEN HE... HE TURNED AND **SMILED** AT ME, LIKE HE HAD KNOWN I WAS THERE ALL **ALONG**...
"AND I HAD TO LOSE THE HAT AND THE SCARF, BECAUSE I NEEDED TO ***BREATHE***, AND I NEEDED TO ***SCREAM***, AND I NEEDED TO ***RUN***. OH ***GOD***, HOW I NEEDED TO ***RUN***...
"I JUST LEGGED IT FOR I DON'T KNOW **HOW** LONG...
"UNTIL, ***BAM!*** THE LIGHTS WENT OUT..."
... AND I WOKE UP IN YOUR BED WITH A BIG PAPER ***SKELETON*** STARING DOWN AT ME.
AH. FORGIVE ME. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN FOND OF ***DEATH SYMBOLS***. IT'S A NATIONAL TRAIT...
THIS IS A SPECIAL NIGHT, ISABELLE. NOVEMBER 2ND IS ***LOS MUERTE DOS DIOS – THE DAY OF THE DEAD***. ALL OVER MEXICO, ***SHRINES*** ARE BUILT FOR THE ***SPIRITS*** OF OUR ***LOVED ONES***. WE LAY OUT THEIR FAVOURITE ***FOOD*** AND ***CLOTHING*** AND INVITE THEM BACK TO THEIR ***HOMES***...
THE TRADITION REACHES BACK TO THE TIME OF THE ***AZTECS***.
"THE DAY OF THE DEAD"? YOU'VE GOT A NATIONAL HOLIDAY THAT SOUNDS LIKE A ***ZOMBIE MOVIE***? THAT'S JUST ***TWISTED***...
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. MEXICANS STARE DEATH IN THE ***EYE***. WE RESPECT ***LA PELONA – THE BALD WOMAN*** – BUT WE DON'T ***FEAR*** HER.
ISN'T THERE SOMEONE ***YOU*** WOULD LIKE TO REMEMBER TONIGHT? SOMEONE CLOSE TO YOU WHO HAS ***DIED***?
YEAH... ***ME***.
I'M SORRY YOU'VE BECOME INVOLVED IN THIS, SEÑOR...
MAY I ASK WHY YOU CAME TO THAT PARK ***ARMED*** AND ***DANGEROUS***?
HEH. EVER SINCE OLD ***LEON TROTSKY*** CAUGHT AN ***ICE PICK*** IN HIS THICK SKULL LAST YEAR, MY WIFE AND I HAVE HAD TO KEEP SOME ***FIREPOWER*** CLOSE AT HAND... I SHOULD ***NEVER*** HAVE INVITED THAT FOOL TO MEXICO...
I'VE MADE ***MANY*** ENEMIES IN MY TIME. ***COMMUNISTS, FASCISTS, ANARCHISTS, FRENCH SURREALISTS***... THEY'D ***ALL*** LIKE TO SEE MY HEAD HANGING FROM A LAMPPOST...
BUT I DON'T SCARE ***EASILY***, MY FRIEND, AS OUR CAPTORS WILL SOON ***LEARN***.
TROTSKY...?
OF COURSE, YOU'RE ***DIEGO RIVERA!*** I REMEMBER SEEING ONE OF YOUR MURALS AT THE PALACIO NACIONAL, IT WAS ***SUPERB!***
GRACIAS, DOCTOR! HONESTY DEMANDS THAT I ***AGREE*** WITH YOU...


WAIT A MINUTE... ART...
YES, THAT'S IT...
YOU KNOW, THINGS AREN'T QUITE AS BAD AS THEY SEEM, SEÑOR RIVERA...
...THEY'RE MUCH, MUCH WORSE.
ZZZZZZZZ
GOOD EVENING... I'M TH–
VORESETH TELLS ME YOU CLAIM TO BE BODY-SCULPTORS FROM GALLIFREY. IS THIS CORRECT?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT A "BODY-SCULPTOR" IS. I'M A TIME LORD.
I HAVE NO INTEREST IN TIME...
TEKK
SSRAKKKKK!
AAUUNGH!
AARRGH!
I AM SUSINI OF THE WASTING WALL.
I AM THE GREATEST ARTIST TO EVER GRACE THE NINE DIMENSIONS...
BUT YOUR SPECIES HAS A UNIQUE ABILITY – YOU LIVE AND DIE REPEATEDLY, RESHAPING YOUR FORMS WITH EACH NEW INCARNATION. I HAVE LONG WISHED TO OBTAIN SOME EXAMPLES OF YOUR KIND...
INSPIRATION IS ALREADY SEIZING ME...
AND YOU SHALL HAVE THE HONOUR OF BECOMING MY CLAY.
To be continued...

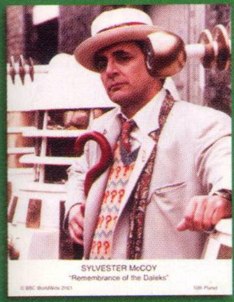
NEW! DR. WHO
PHOTOS



LOUISE JAMESON

DEBBIE WATLING

LALLA WARD
"Destiny of the Daleks"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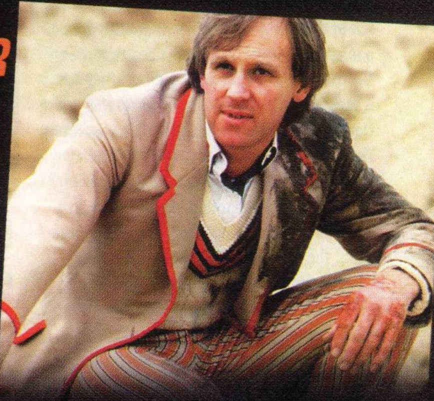
SATURDAY 22ND SEPTEMBER



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The Macra Terror

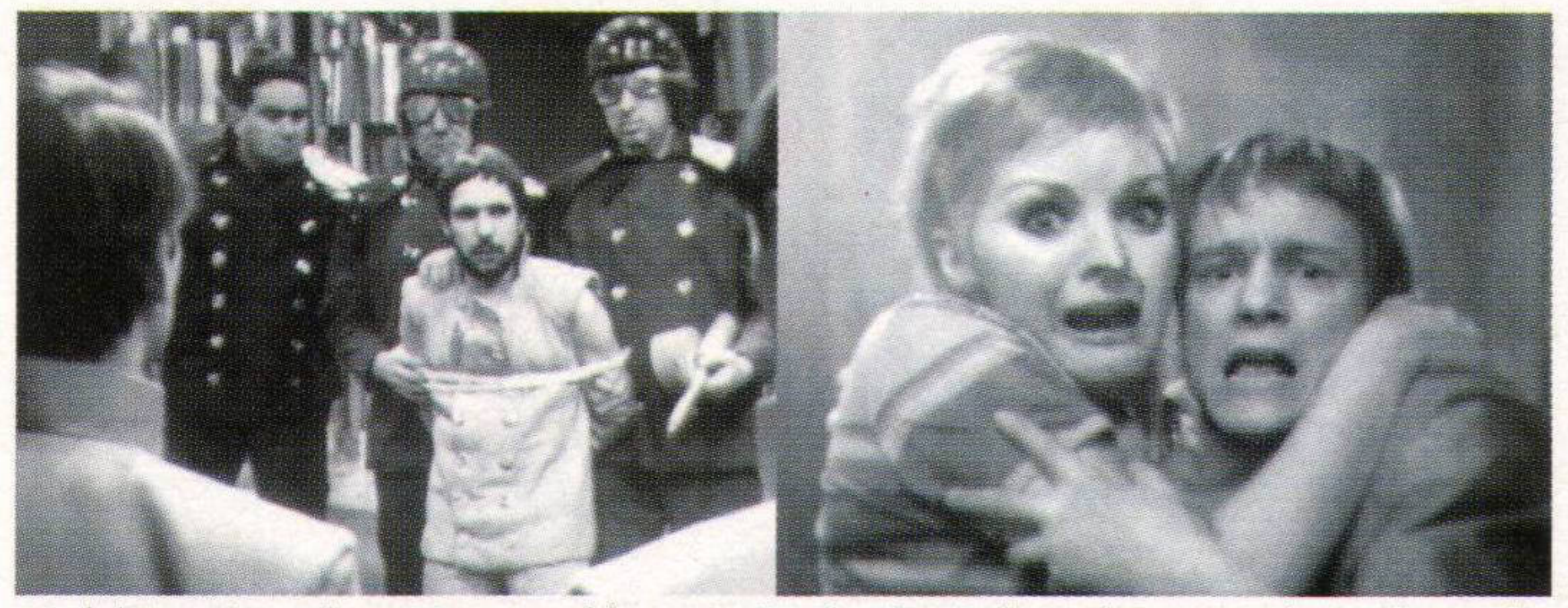
DESPITE THE TIME SCANNER'S WARNING, IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE THE DOCTOR'S TRIP TO A SPACE-AGE BUTLINS ENDS UP AS A BATTLE WITH SOME CRANKY CRUSTACEANS! NO SUCH THING AS MACRA? ANDREW PIXLEY ISN'T SO SURE ...

EPISODE 1

In a futuristic Colony with the atmosphere of a holiday camp, a band and dancers rehearse for a festival – but the proceedings are disrupted when a man called Medok runs through. The leader of the Colony, the Pilot, is informed by Ola, the captain of the guards, that Medok has escaped 'treatment'. Ola and his men pursue Medok across some wasteland outside the Colony – where the TARDIS has just materialised. As they leave the TARDIS with Ben and the Doctor, Jamie and Polly worry about the huge claw they have seen on the Time Scanner – a prediction of their future. The watching Medok seems to attack Jamie, but Ben helps to overpower him. When Ola arrives, he thanks the strangers and invites them to the Colony to meet the Pilot.

The Pilot thanks the travellers for helping recapture the disturbed Medok, and offers them the luxurious leisure facilities of the Refreshing Department, run by Barney. At the Department, the travellers see a static picture of the Colony's Controller appear on a screen, and hear his voice welcome them. Meanwhile, Medok, held under guard, tells his old friend Questa about the horrible creatures which infest the camp at night. A reception for the strangers is announced, and Medok is locked up in a cell at the Refreshing Department. The curious Doctor enters the cell and tries to talk to Medok about the creatures he's seen, but the man panics and escapes. Ola is furious that the Doctor has let the prisoner go, but the Pilot is more lenient and decides to show the Doctor the Labour Centre where they work. There they see Questa preparing to lead a work shift to tap and refine a lethal gas.

The Doctor has spotted Medok hiding in a partially-completed building, and hears more about the giant insects; apparently, others who see these things are locked up in the Correction Hospital. The travellers are given rooms at the Refreshing Department as curfew is called, but the Doctor sneaks out into the night. Evading Ola and his guards, he finds Medok at the building site – and then sees a huge crab-like monster moving in the moonlight ...



Medok's ravings about Macra get him committed ... but Polly and Ben soon learn the truth

Photographs: BBC [4] John Cura [16] Marcus Hearn [1]

EPISODE 2

Medok calls out to Ola's group that he has seen Macra, but the guards have not seen the monster. Ola arrests the Doctor and Medok – but when they go before the Pilot, Medok says that the Doctor was merely trying to make him give himself up. Medok is sent to the Hospital for Correction and the Doctor is again thanked by the Pilot. After the Doctor has returned to his cubicle, the voice of the Controller orders 'high powered adaption by deep sleep and thought patterns', screaming that there are no such things as Macra.

In the sleep cubicles, a soft voice tells the Doctor's companions that there is nothing harmful in the Colony, and they will work the next day. The Doctor uses a piece of wire to fuse nerve circuits hidden in the cubicle walls – and although Polly and Jamie are their normal selves, Ben behaves like one of the Colony, and fetches Ola to arrest the Doctor for the damage he has caused to their equipment. While the Doctor and Jamie are taken before the Pilot again, Polly storms out on Ben, furious with his behaviour. He follows her out of the Colony to the buidling site where he captures her for evading curfew. Suddenly the building is attacked by the Macra creatures, with Ben able to see the giant claws grabbing Polly. He saves his friend and takes her back to the Pilot's headquarters.

The Doctor has fused the nerve centre in the Pilot's office when Ben enters, now denying that he ever saw a Macra. The travellers goad the Controller into revealing himself, and the picture of a frightened old man appears on the screen instead of the static image. The Control Voice orders him to speak ... and then a huge claw pulls the man away. As the travellers are taken away, Polly realises the Macra are in control ...

EPISODE 3

The Doctor, Polly and Jamie are taken to the pithead where they are assigned to the Danger Gang, a shift which searches out new gas reserves. The leader of the shift is Medok, who has been released from the Hospital and set to work here, since nobody survives in the mines for long because of the gas. The Doctor is left at the pithead as the shift supervisor, while Medok and Officia take Polly and Jamie into the mine tunnels to catch gas strikes with cables. At the pithead, the Doctor deduces the chemical equation of the gas – and also an explosive variant of it ...

In the mine, a gas strike causes Officia to collapse for a moment, allowing Jamie to steal his keys. One key fits a door which leads to the old shaft, into which Jamie ventures in an escape attempt. Medok follows him, leaving Polly to be taken back to the pithead by Officia. Events are watched by Ben, who has been sent to spy on his friends but is becoming increasingly confused about his loyalties.

Control refuses to let the guards enter the old shaft, where Medok has been killed by a Macra. In the dark tunnels, Jamie comes across a dormant Macra and attempts to move past it, but then Control orders the valuable gas to be pumped into the old shaft. The Doctor realises there is something down there that Control wants kept alive, and works to reduce the gas pressure. The Macra starts to move towards Jamie, who finds himself trapped when a second creature appears further up the tunnel ...

EPISODE 4

The Doctor manages to make sense of the gas pipes at the pithead and reverses the pressure. As the gas thins out in the old shaft, the Macra fall dormant again and Jamie is able to make his way past them and through a pipe room grating into a cupboard at the back of the Colony Hall – where more dancers are being rehearsed. His presence is noted by Ben, who summons Ola and soon has Jamie recaptured.

Stealing Officia's keys, the Doctor and Polly give him the slip and exit the pithead via a metal door. Finding themselves in a corridor of pipes they arrive at the Control Room which houses a Macra – it is this which generates the Control voice and runs the colony. The Macra are native parasites who have come to the planet's surface, but need the enslaved humans to pump their gas up for them. The pair determine to find the Pilot and show him the truth.

The Doctor and Polly breeze in on an angry confrontation between the Pilot and Ola in the Hall, and even Ben seems more his old self. Control now sounds hysterical, and Ola asks to take command from the Pilot when the executive accompanies the Doctor and learns the truth.

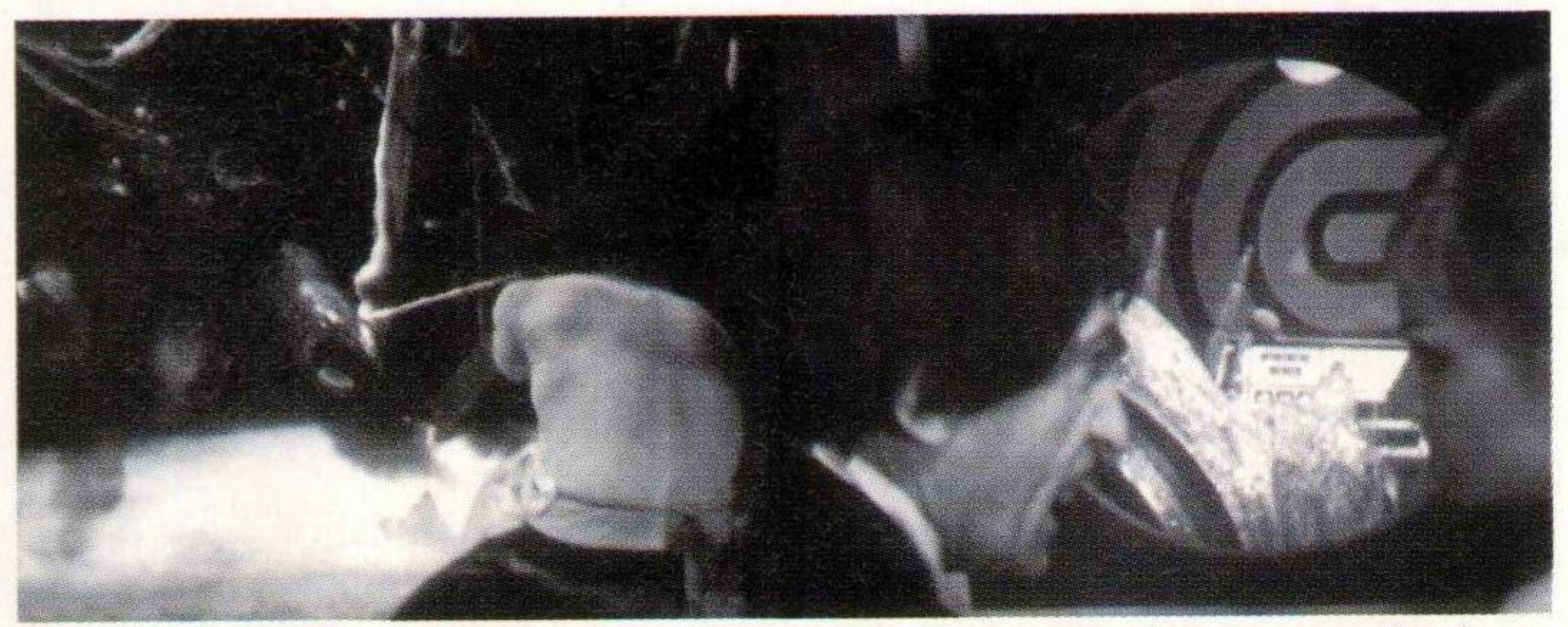
Ola and his men are waiting at the pithead when the Doctor and Pilot leave the pipe room, and imprison them with Jamie and Polly in a room that will fill with the gas in four minutes. Unlike the rest of the Colony, Ben does not return to the Hall, but stays at the pithead and carries out the Doctor's instructions to modify the gas flow. There is an explosion and Control is destroyed. The Pilot is able to watch preparations for the Festival restart in a free manner, and the TARDIS crew slip away when the Doctor hears that the Colony want to make him the new Pilot.

'Do this, do that, do the other ...'

Night-time in the Colony. Polly is woken by the Doctor – who has discovered that his friends are being subjected to psychological 'conditioning' in their sleep ...

THE DOCTOR Polly, I want you to forget everything you've been dreaming.
POLLY Why do you say that?
THE DOCTOR It's possible that you've been given a series of orders while you've been asleep. You know – 'do this, do that, do the other'. My advice to you is, don't do anything of the sort. Don't just be obedient! Always make up your own mind!

From **The Macra Terror** *Episode 2, by Ian Stuart Black*



Parasites in paradise: down the mine and at the Colony's controls, the Macra run the show

In Production

Claw and disorder: the Controller suffers a critical mauling on live television

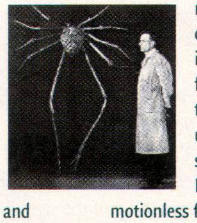
Having written two *Doctor Who* serials early in 1966 – *The Savages*, plus the final version of *The War Machines* – Ian Stuart Black had moved on to *The Man in Room 17* and a new BBC fantasy series, *Adam Adamant Lives!*, for which he submitted two story ideas (*The Sands of the Desert*, aka *Tower*, which was not made, plus *Career Girl*, which entered production as *Another Little Drink*). Come November, Black found himself being asked to provide another four-part storyline for *Doctor Who*.

Story editor Gerry Davis discussed with Black the requirement for a story in which sinister things would be seen to take place behind the jolly facade of a holiday camp; it would also feature menacing subterranean monsters, akin to the Morlox in HG Wells' novel *The Time Machine*. Searching for a creature they could base the new monsters on, the two men looked over a chart on the production office wall detailing past serials, and decided that giant spiders had not been seen thus far. Black was keen for the script to show how different forms of life require differing environments to survive – in this case, the whole purpose of the Colony's work being to pump the gas, poisonous to humans, that the 'spidermen' need.

Davis commissioned Black to write a four-part serial under the title *Dr Who & The Spidermen* on Thursday 24 November 1966. Black's story, soon known as simply *The Spidermen*, was initially scheduled as Serial JJ – following directly on from Serial HH, *The Imps*, a much-troubled script

SCRIPTING The Macra

The 'spidermen' originally suggested by writer Ian Stuart Black had become simply 'insect men' by the time the draft scripts were delivered – at which point story editor Gerry Davis realised that there was a danger of duplicating the Zarbi, as seen in *The Web Planet* two years previously. Davis decided to make the creatures giant crabs, and they were duly renamed 'Macra Men', a term apparently derived from the genus *macrocheira kaempferi*, the Japanese spider crab [pictured] – which, at up to 12 feet across, is the largest known crustacean. Unfortunately, editing on the scripts to change the words "insects" and "feelers" to "Macra" and "claws" was not very thorough – meaning that in the finished programme, several characters (notably Medok in Episode 1) would still refer to the Macra as insects. Scripted descriptions were minimal, Episode 1 ending with the note that the creature "is so inhuman that for a moment the Doctor is unable to speak". In Episode 3, the motionless figure of an insect man in the old shaft was to have a "great plumped up back". Jamie was to shout after it: "You horrible beastie. Did the devil send you? You're an insect from the pit of Satan!"



that was being rewritten by author William Emms (*The Imps* had already been dropped once, in favour of *The Underwater Menace*). All four scripts – now bearing the collective title *Doctor Who and the Spidermen!* – were accepted by Davis by Monday 12 December, exactly one week after Black's target delivery date. That same day, actress Anneke Wills was contracted to play companion Polly in three more four-part stories: Serials JJ, KK and LL. Two days later, the production schedule still showed *The Spidermen* as Serial JJ – but it was now preceded by *The Return of the Cybermen* (later retitled *The Moonbase*), with *The Imps* being totally abandoned early in January.

The director allocated to *The Spidermen* was Birmingham-born John Davies who, after a spell acting in the theatre, had been working in television since 1958, handling episodes of series including *The Newcomers* and *United!*. Prior to starting work on the serial, Davies undertook some intensive viewing of tapes of earlier episodes and found he greatly admired Patrick Troughton, who had only recently taken over the lead role. Davies had also worked with producer Innes Lloyd before; Lloyd encouraged him to make the serial frightening. The designer was Kenneth Sharp, a former scenery painter at ABC who had first joined the BBC in 1965 on a summer relief scheme; Sharp had just completed a six-month stint on children's variety show *Crackerjack*, and *Doctor Who* would be his first drama assignment. Make-up and costumes would be supervised, as usual, by Gilliam James and Daphne Dare respectively.

The Pilot (Peter Jeffrey) and Ola (Gertan Klauber) demonstrate that there are no such things as Macra – or else!

The Spidermen was still the serial's title on Monday 9 January 1967, when a draft Drama Early Warning Synopsis was issued. Here, the plot differed slightly from that of the finished serial: in Episode 2, the Doctor is taken to a House of Correction after being captured alongside the fugitive Medoc (later 'Medok') – but the correction processes fail to have any effect on him, and he is sent to work in the mines in Episode 3. In this synopsis, the Pilot is described as the 'Prime Minister' of the Colony.

By the following day, Tuesday 10, the title had been revised to *Doctor Who and the Insect-Men* – but just one day later, the initial planning document for the production bore the title *Dr Who & The Macras*, with the alien creatures now being defined as huge crabs [see *Scripting* panel]. Davies and Sharp visited the Natural History Museum and studied some large South American crabs under glass, noting how they used their large pincers to dig. As designer, Sharp was also responsible for special effects and monsters – which, as usual, were sub-contracted to the Uxbridge-based prop building firm of Shawcraft Modelmakers. Producer Innes Lloyd took a holiday during the second week of January 1967, during which time production planning was supervised by his stand-in, assistant story editor Peter Bryant. Meanwhile, Daphne Dare was taken ill during production of *The Moonbase*; she was replaced by Vanessa Clarke. Actor Frazer Hines' contract to play Jamie in Serial JJ was issued on Monday 16 January. In the third week of January, filming was scheduled for mid-February.

Documentation dated Wednesday 18 January carried the title *The Macra Terror*, although paperwork was still headed *Dr Who and the Macras* as late as early February. Casting took place around this time: Ian Fairbairn was originally considered to play one of Ola's guards, but was given the larger role of Questa, seen in Episode 1, when Arnold Peters dropped out; Mary Clubb was a candidate for the role of Verna, a female extra in the Refreshing Department in Episode 1; Christine Gordon was the first choice for the Pilot's Secretary in Episodes 2 and 3; and it was hoped that Len Saunders would play the scientist at the Hospital for Correction in Episode 2. AJ Brown was originally cast as the Controller, but ultimately Graham Leaman took his place; Leaman's gaunt face had caught Davies' eye, and he would use the actor on later productions. Michael Craze was contracted to play Ben in Serial JJ plus the eight episodes following on Friday 27 January, it having been decided earlier in the month to write Ben and Polly out of the series with Episode 2 of *The Evil of the Daleks*.

> **'I thought that I'd play Troughton's "pixie" Doctor against something truly frightening . . .'**
>
> **Ian Stuart Black** • *DWB (1990)*

Musician Dudley Simpson, whose work on the show dated back to 1964, was selected to compose the score for *The Macra Terror*; as with *The Underwater Menace*, Simpson opted to use the now monophonic synthesisers installed at the BBC Radiophonic Workshop in Maida Vale. The *Radiophonic Band* music, arranged by Wilfred Johns from Simpson's composition, was recorded at Maida Vale on the afternoon of Thursday 9 February; lasting just under two minutes, this would be heard in dance sequences in Episodes 1 and 4. Other music for the serial was taped at Maida Vale on Tuesday 14 February. In the morning, a trio of female singers performed the three jingles heard in Episodes 1 and 3, based on lyrics in Black's script (for example, "Thank you Shift No 1/Time to have fun/Now Shift No 2/It's up to you/Off to work with a song/And you're gay all day long"). These tunes were composed by Simpson and arranged by Johns, giving two minutes' backing in total. Electronic tracks were recorded in the afternoon. These included: *Macra Theme* (used throughout the serial); *Chase Heartbeat* (heard during the pursuit of Medok in Episode 1); *Fright Climax* (also in Episode 1); *Weird Night* (in Episode 2); and *Sick Macra* (in Episodes 3 and 4). As broadcast, these totalled almost 11 minutes' music.

Character traits of the new Doctor, such as his recorder-playing, were absent from the camera scripts, which were entitled *Dr Who and the Macra Terror*. In Episode 1, the TARDIS lands in a wooded area, surrounded by trees, and Questa was described as "a sympathetic, very genuine fellow". In Episode 2, the Macra attack on Polly was to occur outside the part-constructed building. In Episode 3, Polly was given some material intended for a female miner, and the Doctor theorises that "in days gone by, Macra have come to the surface of this planet and have not found sufficient gas in this atmosphere".

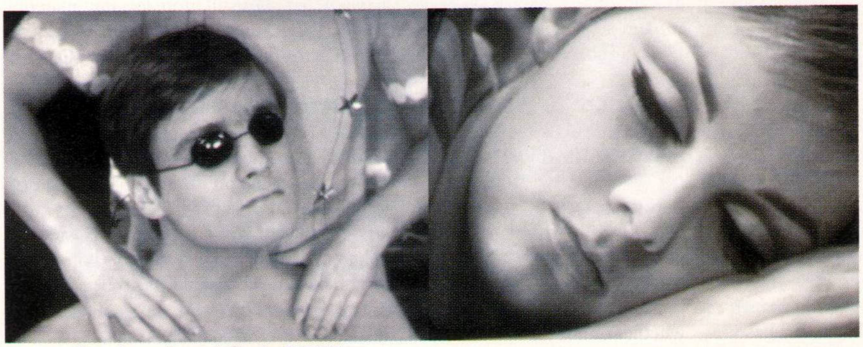
The venue for the small amount of location filming was a cement quarry just off the A5 at Dunstable owned by Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers

Ltd. The cast members required were Terence Lodge as Medok and Gertan Klauber as Ola, plus three extras – John Caeser, Steve Emerson and Danny Rae – as Ola's guards. (It had been suggested at one stage that the Pilot should feature in these sequences, but this was deemed unnecessary; the role had not yet been cast.) Klauber had appeared in *Doctor Who* previously, as the Galley Master in *The Romans: All Roads Lead to Rome*. The same episode had also featured John Caeser, previously a Monoid in *The Ark*, in a minor role. Lodge was cast when Davies bumped into him at the BBC, and recalled working with him at Birmingham Rep.

Episode 1 scenes shot on 35mm film by Peter Hamilton's camera crew on Wednesday 15 February began with Medok running through the wasteland outside the Colony, with the guards in pursuit; the weather was cold and bitter, and the actors found themselves running through large puddles. After hiding beside a cliff, Medok continues his flight – and then sees the TARDIS materialise. It had been planned to shoot the TARDIS dematerialising at the end of the serial – but if this sequence was filmed, it was never used in the finished episode.

VOICE RECORDING *Tannoy announcements*

Voices broadcast throughout the Colony via a Tannoy-like public address system were a particular feature of the scripts, and so director John Davies contracted two voice artists to tape all this speech in advance. Denis Goacher and Richard Beale recorded their lines for the serial at Lime Grove Studio R on Wednesday 8 February 1967. Beale had worked on two *Doctor Who* serials in 1966, providing the Refusian Voices for the last two episodes of *The Ark* and appearing as Bat Masterson in *The Gunfighters*. Goacher provided Voice One (the Control Voice, which issues orders), with Beale playing both Voice Two (the Americanised Broadcast Voice, which makes announcements) and Voice Three (the sinister Propaganda Voice, heard during the conditioning sequences in Episode 2). The BBC Radiophonic Workshop provided the electronic 'chimes' which heralded the Broadcast Voice's pronouncements.


It's not all work, work, work for the TARDIS crew ...

All the sequences featuring the Controller were pre-filmed on Stages 3a and 3b of the BBC's Television Film Studios, Ealing, on Friday 17. The only actor required was Graham Leaman, who was first made up as the handsome young Controller seen in various back-projected still photographs. Once these pictures had been taken, Leaman was made up as the aged, frightened Controller seen in the back-projected film sequence at the end of Episode 2. Here, the Macra prop's giant claw was detached and manipulated out of shot, appearing to drag the Controller off-screen. Throughout filming, Jean Richmond stood in for Gillian James in charge of make-up, as she had done on parts of *The Moonbase*.

... but with Ben brainwashed and the Colony in the hands of 'grotesque insects', the holiday's soon over

The Macra were introduced in the final scene of *The Moonbase* with the appearance of a Macra claw on the TARDIS' Time Scanner; this sequence was recorded with *The Moonbase* Episode 4 on Saturday 25 February. Unlike other serials of the time, no film trailer for the next story was appended to the final episode of *The Moonbase*.

Special photocalls were held to promote the serial, the first on Monday 27 February: this did not require the regular cast, but concentrated instead on guest stars Peter Jeffrey and Gertan Klauber, who posed in costume as the Pilot and Ola for a *Radio Times* photographer. Jeffrey, a noted actor in films and television, had been particularly requested by Lloyd as another 'big name' guest star for *Doctor Who*; interviewed by Davies, Jeffrey had said that his children would not forgive him if he turned down the role. This session, plus a proposed one with the Macra prop, was deemed necessary because *Doctor Who* was now being recorded only one week in advance of transmission, and publications such as *Radio Times* could not wait for shots taken during camera rehearsals in studio.

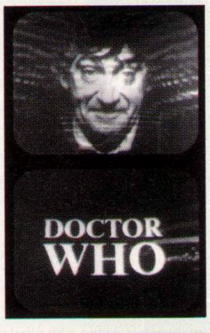
Rehearsals started on Tuesday 28 February at St Helen's Church Hall, St Helen's Gardens in North Kensington. Joining the cast were Sandra Bryant as Chicki and Robert Jewell as the Macra Operator: Bryant had appeared as Kitty in Episodes 1 and 2 of *The War Machines* the previous year, whereas Jewell had played many monsters (and other small roles) since first becoming a Dalek operator in 1963. Davies later complained about the catering facilities which he and his team had to endure at St Helen's: the actors would be less than impressed with the food, and during the final week of rehearsals matters came to a head when the woman in charge of catering barely opened the serving hatch at all, and then walked out.

Episode 1 of *The Macra Terror* was recorded on Saturday 4 March between 8.15 and 10.00pm. Taping for the whole serial took place at Lime Grove Studio D. By now, Daphne Dare had recovered, and looked after costumes for all the studio recordings. Following a new title sequence [see panel], opening captions giving the serial title, writer credit and episode number were superimposed over a close-up shot of Medok's face. This was a very late addition; the scene did not appear in the camera script, at which stage it had been planned to run captions over a shot of the band. Back-projection screens measuring 7' by 5' were built into the Refreshing Department and Labour Centre sets, onto which photographic slides of the handsome Controller could be projected whenever the taped Control voice made an announcement. Several minutes' stock 'muzak' composed by John Baker for an earlier BBC production (and already reused in *Time In Advance*, a 1965 episode of BBC2's SF anthology *Out of the Unknown*) was heard in Episode 1 in addition to Simpson's compositions.

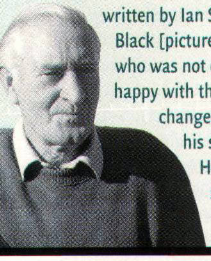
The first recording break followed the Refreshing Department scene in which Barney offers the travellers the many special treatments available; this allowed the regular cast to change costumes, with Wills, Craze and Hines swapping their *Moonbase* outfits for leisure wear and Colony uniform. During this episode, Polly's hair is restyled; Wills was given a shorter cut before recording, and wore a hair extension in her earlier scenes. Troughton changed into a neater version of his usual costume for when the Doctor emerges from the 'clothes reviver', but changed back following the Doctor's turn in the 'rough and tumble' machine. The extras who appeared as citizens and dancers in the opening scene also changed outfits to play Refreshing Department and Labour Centre personnel.

TITLE SEQUENCE

A new title sequence for *Doctor Who* had been discussed by producer Innes Lloyd, graphics designer Bernard Lodge and engineering expert Ben Palmer as far back as November 1966. Palmer was available to supervise two half-days' filming on Friday 2 December and either Tuesday 6 or Friday 9 December 1966. It was hoped that the new sequence could be used on *The Underwater Menace*; as it transpired, neither this serial nor *The Moonbase* used the new sequence. For the new titles, Lodge recalled something which had happened when recording the original sequence of abstract images in August 1963: both he and production assistant Tony Halfpenny had stood in front of the camera during the electronic test sequence, resulting in a distorted version of their faces bleeding into the feedback patterns. Lloyd wanted something different, so Lodge suggested using a photo caption of actor Patrick Troughton's face in this manner, with a film wipe making the Doctor's features appear to vanish into the picture.



WRITER & DIRECTOR Ian Stuart Black & John Davies



The Macra Terror was the final *Doctor Who* serial written by Ian Stuart Black [pictured], who was not entirely happy with the changes made his script. He did submit a further six-part storyline, *The Space War* (aka *Doctor Who and the Furies*), although this was never completed. Black's career continued with scripts for series including *The Champions*, *Elephant Boy*, *Castaway*, *The Outsiders* and *Star Maidens*, plus novels including *Cry Wolf* and *Creatures of a Dream*. He died at his Devon home on 13 October 1997.

The Macra Terror was also the only serial to be directed by John Davies, whose later successes have included *Nana*, *The Woodlanders*, *Raffles*, *Tales of the Unexpected*, *Miss Marple* and various of PD James' *Inspector Dalgleish* mysteries for Anglia.

The second break came just before the scene where Medok is locked up in a cell, allowing Lodge and Klauber to move from the Colony entrance set. The final break in recording came after the Doctor's first meeting with Medok at the building under construction, to allow Troughton to move back to the Refreshing Department set.

Closing roller captions were shown over a night shot of the Macra creature – which, as with most of the serial, was shot in darkness surrounded by dry ice 'smoke', to indicate the gas the creature needs to breathe. The wooden Macra prop constructed by Shawcraft was nearly 10' tall, and needed to be mounted on the back of a van for transportation. It cost over £500 – "the same price as a cheap car", Lloyd later commented in a memo – and housed one person who operated two giant claws, white glove-like mandibles and the illuminating eyes (which were turned off and on to indicate whether or not the Macra was dormant). Concealed plastic pipes could ooze a slimy mixture from its rubber skirt base. The final minutes of the show were also shot on 35mm film to act as a reprise the following week. Editing on Episode 1 took place on Tuesday 7, to enable the episode to be ready for transmission on Saturday 11 March.

Medok, Polly and Jamie find themselves assigned to the 'Danger Gang'

A request had been made by the Press Office to arrange another photo shoot, this time for shots of the Macra monster. It was decided that this should take place at Shawcraft's workshops in Uxbridge, and it was suggested that the creature should be placed against a rocky background for photos with "two gorgeous girls". This went ahead on Monday 6 March, but without the girls or the rocks. Pictures from this session were used by *The Sun* in a small item to promote the new serial, in which it was claimed that the Macra could emit a paralysing gas.

Rehearsals for Episode 2 started on Tuesday 7 March. On Friday 10, following a request from her agent, Bryant was formally released from her contract to play Chicki in Episode 4; Davies rapidly recast the part, with Karol Keyes being contracted on Tuesday 14. Frazer Hines missed some of the rehearsals on Friday 10, when he shot sequences for *The Faceless Ones* on location at Gatwick Airport.

The Thursday 9 March edition of *Radio Times* claimed that "insect-men" would be appearing in the new serial in a small preview piece headed *Dr Who and the Macra Terror*; this was illustrated with one of the stills showing Ola and the Pilot. *The Macra Terror* started transmission on BBC1 two days later, running at 5.50pm over four consecutive weeks. The same day, *Junior Points of View* included some generally negative feedback from younger viewers regarding Troughton's new Doctor.

Episode 2 was taped a few hours after Episode 1 had been transmitted, this time between 8.30 and 9.45pm. Opening caption slides ran over the film reprise showing the Doctor and Medok watching the Macra. The Pilot's Headquarters set, again incorporating a back-projection screen, was introduced. Three breaks in taping were scheduled: the first to allow Wills and Troughton to move from Polly's sleep cubicle to Ben and Jamie's; another to allow Wills to move from the sleep cubicle to the building under construction; and the last coming after Polly and Ben escape the Macra and before the scene in the Pilot's Headquarters.

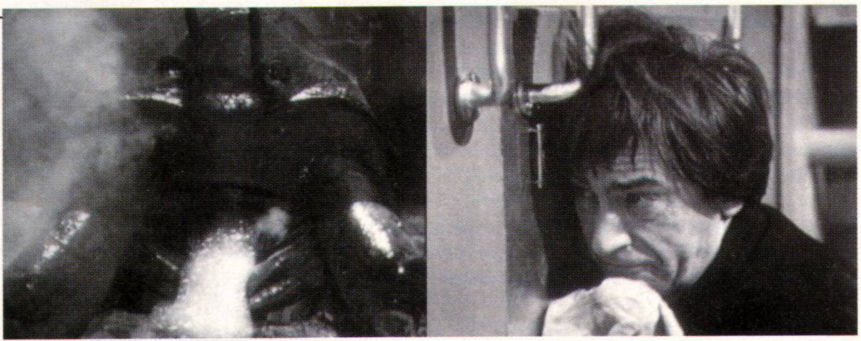
For the sequence in which Polly and Ben are attacked by the Macra, gimballed mirrors were placed outside the open windows of the part-constructed building set; these helped reflect the image of the largely immobile Macra prop and made it appear to move. The claws were again detatched for the shots in which Polly is grabbed and has to be freed by Ben. In the very final scene, set in the Pilot's Headquarters, the static photocaption showing the handsome Controller on the screen was defocused and replaced with the film sequence showing the older Controller being attacked by the claw. Closing captions rolled over a shot of Polly screaming that the Macra are in control before the picture faded to black.

Episode 2 was edited on Monday 13 March, the same day that Troughton, Wills, Craze and Hines spent one of their days off from rehearsals at Gatwick Airport filming more sequences for *The Faceless Ones*. The regular cast were also absent from rehearsals on Friday 17, when they shot still more location material for the subsequent story. The cast were joined this week by John Harvey as Officia; Harvey had played Professor Brett in the previous year's *The War Machines*.

On Friday 17 March, Innes Lloyd contacted the BBC Visual Effects department, which at that time provided very few of the special props used in *Doctor Who*. This approach had been prompted after director Gerry Mill had encountered problems with Shawcraft during pre-filming on *The Faceless Ones*, and marked the start of a period of general dissatisfaction with Shawcraft which ended with Visual Effects taking over *Doctor Who*'s requirements with *The Evil of the Daleks*. Keen to get better value for money, Lloyd wanted to know if he could use other external companies – and invited the Visual Effects Organiser to visit the studios for either of the last two episodes of *The Macra Terror*, to assess whether or not the Macra prop really had cost over £500 to construct.

Episode 3 was taped on Saturday 18 March between 8.30 and 10.00pm. For the first time, opening caption slides were superimposed on the new opening titles; this was followed by a re-enactment of Episode 2's closing moments, using the same back-projected film of the Controller. A back-projection screen was also built into the Pithead set. Dry ice was used in the Tunnel and Old Shaft sets to indicate gas strikes.

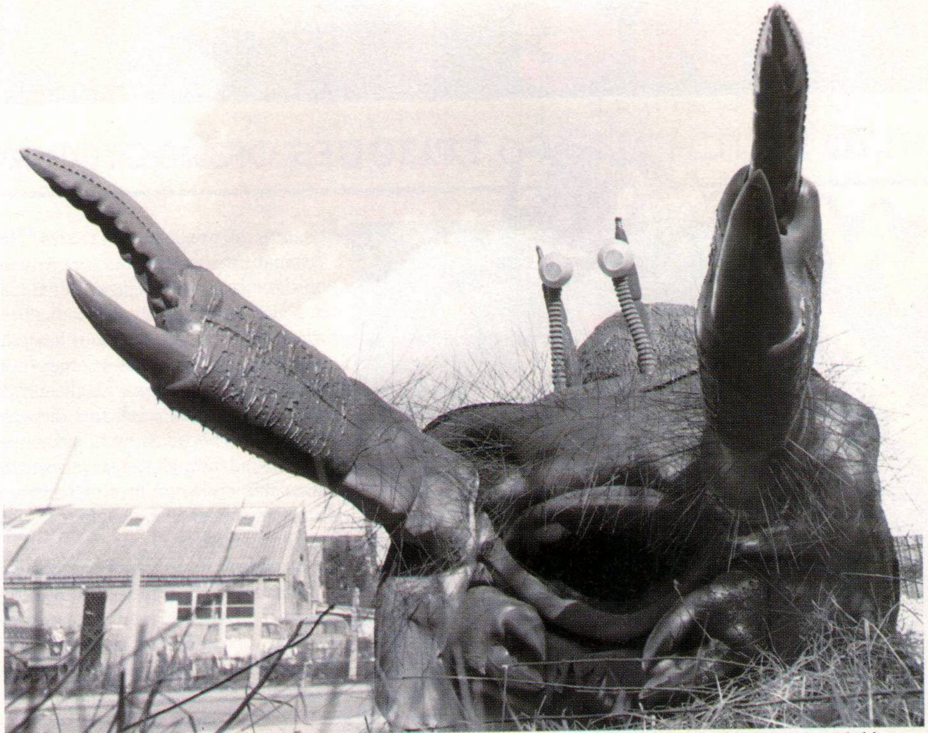
No recording breaks were scheduled until the end of the evening, when the climax of the instalment was recorded out of sequence. This allowed repositioning of the Macra prop, to make it appear as though two of the creatures were attacking Jamie. All the shots of the Macra moving from right to left were recorded first, followed by the closing credits, which rolled over a shot of the Macra's eyes glowing in the darkness of the old shaft. After this, the Macra was repositioned and all the shots in which it moved from left to right were taped; Hines found this arrangement ridiculous, thinking it emphasised just how immobile the Macra creature was. These shots were intercut into the correct order when the episode was edited on Monday 20; Davies supervised this complex closing sequence from the back of a mobile Ampex editing unit stationed in the car park at Television Centre. The end of the finished episode was then transferred to 35mm film, to be used as the reprise in Episode 4.



While life's a gas for the mine-dwelling Macra (left), the Doctor's left feeling rather choked up (right)

Rehearsals for the final episode started on Tuesday 21 March. Ralph Carrigan, previously a Monoid in 1966's *The Ark*, was one of the cheerleaders. The episode was recorded on Saturday 25 March (Troughton's 47th birthday), between 8.30 and 10.00pm. Again, opening slides ran over the opening titles, which were followed by the reprise of Episode 3's concluiding moments. No recording breaks were scheduled at all, only five pauses to allow artists to move to different sets or the Macra prop to be moved around the studio.

A wind machine was used to disperse the dry ice in the Old Shaft set. The Colony Hall set incorporated a back-projection screen, again to show the Controller's image. In the scene where Ben modifies the gas flow to the Macra,



Fallen off the back of a van? The unwieldy, immobile and expensive Macra prop at Shawcraft's workshop in Uxbridge

leading to an (off-screen) explosion, the back-projection showing the young Controller was defocused and the picture turned negative briefly (an effect achieved by over-exposing the camera). Closing credits rolled over shots of the Band as celebrations continue in the Colony Hall. Appended to the end of the recording was a one-minute montage of 35mm film sequences from the next serial, over which a caption slide reading "Next Week: *The Faceless Ones*" was superimposed. Editing of *The Macra Terror* Episode 4 was completed on Tuesday 28 March, ready for transmission four days later.

Viewing figures for *The Macra Terror* were slightly down on those for *The Moonbase*, as was the audience reaction index. Audiences of circa eight million were, however, very acceptable, and all episodes remained within the top 50 programmes of the week. Opposition on the ITV stations came from the newly-imported superhero caper show *Batman* (on ABC), Jimmy Clitheroe in *Just Jimmy* (on Southern) and the very popular *Doddy's Magic Box* (later replaced by *Mike and Bernie's Music Hall* on ATV-London).

Six countries purchased 16mm film recordings of *The Macra Terror*, taken from the original 405-line videotapes: Australia (where it was shown over November and December 1967, with a repeat in June 1968); Uganda (circa 1967); Singapore (circa 1969); Hong Kong (in 1969); New Zealand (the serial was screened in 1970, and the prints destroyed in June 1974); and Zambia (in 1970).

In Australia, the serial was passed as suitable for a general audience only after cuts had been made to Episodes 2 and 3: shots of the Macra claw attacking Polly and the Controller were trimmed from both. The serial was still available for overseas sale until 1974, when BBC Enterprises indicated there was no need for the Videotape Library to retain the original 405-line tapes – and the order to wipe the masters was given in March 1974. By 1977, BBC Enterprises had also destroyed its film recordings of the serial.

Ian Stuart Black novelised his scripts as *Doctor Who: The Macra Terror* for publication as a WH Allen hardback in July 1987, with a paperback edition following in December. The text stuck closely to the televised version, bar Medok surviving his encounter with the Macra in the old shaft, emerging to rejoin the Colony in the finale. Tony Masero provided a cover painting of the giant Macra based on a real crab, not the Shawcraft prop.

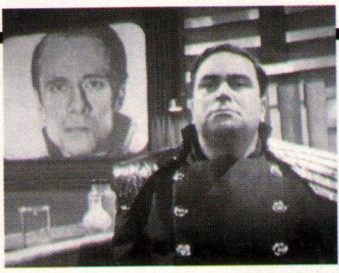
A full set of off-screen 'telesnaps' taken by photographer John Cura exists, as do private recordings of the serial's soundtrack made at the time of broadcast. These tapes were made available to BBC Enterprises in 1991, when former series producer John Nathan-Turner oversaw the production of three double cassette packs containing audio-only versions of then-missing serials. Sixth Doctor Colin Baker recorded additional narration for the tapes; new opening and closing music was cut into the four episodes. Under the banner *Doctor Who: The Missing Stories*, *The Macra Terror* was first released by the BBC Radio Collection in July 1992, and reissued (with an improved base soundtrack) on CD in August 2000. Brian Hodgson's sound effects for both the sleep propaganda machine and Macra Control were included on the CD *Doctor Who: 30 Years at the Radiophonic Workshop*, released in July 1993. The May 2000 CD *Doctor Who at the Radiophonic Workshop: Volume One – The Early Years (1963-1969)* included *Heartbeat Chase*, *Chromophone Band*, *Controller Chimes* and John Baker's *Musak*, plus the sleep machine effect.

Some 8mm film from an Australian broadcast of Episode 3 exists, showing tiny fragments of the episode. The edits made by the Australian censors were rediscovered late in 1996; these were included on *Doctor Who: The Missing Years*, a video documentary which comprised part of the *Ice Warriors Collection* boxed set, released by BBC Video in November 1998. DWM

'I found myself hauled over the carpet for making it too frightening'

John Davies • DWM 254

SERIAL JJ The Macra Terror



CAST **Patrick Troughton** *Dr Who with* **Peter Jeffrey** *Pilot and* **Anneke Wills** *Polly*, **Michael Craze** *Ben*, **Frazer Hines** *Jamie with* **Graham Armitage** *Barney* [1], **Ian Fairbairn** *Questa* [1], **Jane Enshawe** *Sunnaa* [1,3-4], **Sandra Bryant** *Chicki* [1], **Maureen Lane** *Drum Majorette* [1], **Terence Lodge** *Medok* [1-3], **Gertan Klauber** *Ola*, **Graham Leaman** *Controller*, **Anthony Gardner** *Alvis* [1], **Denis Goacher** *Control Voice*, **Richard Beale** *Broadcast Voice* [1-3], **Robert Jewell** *Macra Operator*, **Richard Beale** *Propaganda Voice* [2], **John Harvey** *Officia* [3-4]; **John Caesar**, **Steve Emerson**, **Denny Rae** *Guards* [4]; **Roger Jerome**, **Terry Wright**, **Ralph Carrigan** *Cheerleaders* [4]; **Karol Keyes** *Chicki* [4].

EXTRAS **Avril Gaynor**, **Jill Paris**, **Fiona Frazer**, **Maris Hendrick**, **Janice Hoy**, **Amanda Scott** *Band*; **Sheelagh McGrath**, **Anthony Rayner**, **Alan Troy**, **Maureen Hillman**, **Judy Nichols**, **Ted Merwood** *Dancers*; **John Caesar**, **Steve Emerson**, **Danny Rae** *Guards*; **George Gibbs**, **Leslie Pitt**, **Bill Beesley**, **Deryn Fisher**, **Maureen Morris**, **Edwina King**, **Leonard Kingston**, **Tony Starr** *Citizens*; **Nina Huby** *Verna (Girl at Refreshing Department)*; **Sheelagh McGrath**, **Maureen Hillman**, **Judy Nichols**, **Ted Merwood** *Refreshing Department Personnel*; **George Gibbs**, **Leslie Pitt**, **Bill Beesley**, **Deryn Fisher**, **Maureen Morris**, **Edwina King** *Labour Centre Personnel*; **Anthony Rayner**, **Alan Troy** *Miners in Labour Centre*; **Linda Reynolds** *Pilot's Secretary*; **Paul Phillips** *Scientist at Hospital*; **Sheelagh McGrath**, **Maureen Hillman**, **Judy Nichols**, **Anthony Rayner**, **Alan Troy**, **Walter Henry**, **Leonard Kingston**, **Tony Starr** *Mine Workers*.

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (chart pos)	App index
Episode 1	11 March 1967	5.50-6.15pm	22'58"	8.0M (37th)	50%
Episode 2	18 March 1967	5.50-6.15pm	23'21"	7.9M (42nd)	48%
Episode 3	25 March 1967	5.50-6.15pm	23'24"	8.5M (45th)	52%
Episode 4	1 April 1967	5.50-6.15pm	24'41"	8.4M (39th)	49%

CREDITS *Written by* **Ian Stuart Black**. *Music composed by* **Dudley Simpson**. *Title music by* **Ron Grainer and BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Story Editor* **Gerry Davis**. *Costumes* **Vanessa Clarke***. *Make-up* **Gillian James***. *Lighting* **Frank Cresswell***. *Sound* **Gordon Mackie*** [**Hugh Barker** *on 1, uncredited*]. *Designer* **Kenneth Sharp**. *Producer* **Innes Lloyd**. *Directed by* **John Davies**.
*Credited on Episode 4 only

The Time Team

THEIR ONGOING MISSION: TO WATCH ALL 696 EPISODES OF DOCTOR WHO

EPISODES 201 TO 208

Cliché counters

Deaths on screen so far

00245

One or more regulars rendered unconscious

00053

One or more regulars incarcerated

00080

Trapped in Clayton's South London flat, and entirely cut off from the outside world, it's all gone a bit Season Five for the Time Team. Typically enough, they're a multicultural bunch, as Peter's grandmother is Chinese and Clay is from Bristol. There's even a forthright matriachal figure. And Jac Rayner's here too. By the end of the day, one of them will be quite insane. Unable to reach civilisation, or even the off-licence, they are under siege from the Shouty Man who stands outside the flat, bellowing words of damnation like "Apocalypse!", "Revelation!" and "The Dimension Riders!" At any moment he may marshal his dark powers and destroy our Team using one of the deadly weapons of Season Five. Maybe smoke. Or foam. Or smoke and foam. Londoners flee.

Good old predictable, repetitive, samey Season Five. We've reached the surviving audio of *Fury From the Deep* Episode Four. The latest base under siege is a North Sea gas drilling operation, there's evil seaweed spewing froth and, one by one, the crew is falling under the telepathic spell of the conniving kelp. Peter is worried about how poor Victoria is handling the stress. "She's really not cut out for this time-travelling lark is she?" he says. "In many ways, she's the first 'realistic' companion, reacting in much the same way as most 'normal' people would."

Clay nods. "Real care is being taken to show Victoria's feelings. Her talk with the Doctor about why they have to witness so much death and evil is so different from the one in *Tomb*. There's no tender, fatherly advice now, just an awkward moment."

An engineer, Van Lutyens, has to explore the vital impeller shaft, which has been blocked. Little does he know that his helpmates are already servants of the Weed ... "Ooh!" trembles Jac. "It's so creepy, having Mr Oak and Mr Quill being the ones who let Van Lutyens down the shaft, and then the Doctor and Jamie ... We know they're baddies, but the Doctor doesn't! If this were a pantomime, I'd be shouting at the stage!"

The sound of thrashing and bellowing indicates all is not well with the Dutchman. Clay is impressed. "Van Lutyens creeping about in the darkness and then being sucked in is completely terrifying. Do you think they had a quotient of 'one screaming nightmare for every child' each week?"

So who's going down the deadly shaft next? Richard raises an eyebrow at the Doctor's tactics. "It's fascinating that the Doctor virtually blackmails Jamie to go down the impeller shaft with him," he says. "Even when it's patently clear that he has no desire to put himself into danger." The time travellers escape with their lives, but it soon become clear that the weed will not be stopped easily. Indeed, it can even spread through the gas pipes to the mainland, and soon green fronds may be waving out of fake coal-effect fires up and down the land.

Episode Five presents our heroes with a little more hope, as they finally cotton on to the fact that not everyone in the refinery is batting for the same team. Someone really should have guessed about that Mr Oak and Mr Quill ...

"Sheesh!" sighs Jac. "It takes them long enough to discover there are traitors! Especially as Victoria actually saw them earlier, and the Doctor knows that Oak and Quill deserted their post. No wonder they're losing."

Clay is impressed by boss-man Robson, another victim of pond-life mind control. "Victor Maddern is marvellous at getting across the horror of being taken over," he says. "But then, I guess all 47 of the actors to have been possessed in the Troughton era so far were damn good, too ..."

Richard has taken a shine to Megan Jones, the Welsh controller who's recently flown in. "A strong woman boss!" he remarks. "That's something new for this kind of story, at least."

Robson, with weed growing over his hands, drags Victoria outside and whisks her away in a chopper. "Woo! Helicopters!" chuckles Clay. "It kind of detracts from the menace, but it's very exciting nonetheless. Any impression of budget is nice these days." Peter is less pleased. "But now we know that our heroes can escape by helicopter, and now sinister ol' Mr Quill is out of action, the tension's completely evaporated."

Racing off to one of the gas rigs to save their companion, Jamie and the Doctor confront Robson, who's now 80% fishtank decoration. "What a corking cliffhanger!" laughs Clay, banging his hand on the sofa arm and upending some disturbingly frothy coffee. "Robson sitting amongst the foam has shades of Padmasambhava, but it's no less scary for it. *Doctor Who* seems to have a knack of making silly things seem scary at the moment."

In time for the final episode, Jamie frees Victoria and the plucky threesome leave Robson to his bubbling threats of Earth needing "new masters". "Hee-hee!" says an onomatopoeic Clay. "Troughton flying the helicopter is a joy. Basically anything with Troughton in is a joy. A lesser actor would have shown this season's stories up as the overstretched potboilers they are."

Richard tuts at Clay. He has a great love of *Fury From the Deep* and will brook no criticism.

Peter assesses the scale of the threat to humanity posed by the weed. "They should've called in the military," he says drily. "There should be a special taskforce for this sort of thing."

To give the Team's ears a break, they stop to watch some behind-the-scenes footage of the Weed's attack on the control room. It's like an Ibiza foam party, minus the happy-house soundtrack. Whatever, Richard's still lovin' it, lovin' it, lovin' it. "The creature is rather good, isn't it?" he says, pleased with the nods of agreement from around the room. "All that thrashing about in the soap suds means that you can never quite make out what's coming at you." Just like an Ibiza foam party, then.

The Weed is finally defeated using a high-pitched version of Victoria's screams, though that seems rather irrelevant compared to the much more emotional drama that plays out

Compiled by Gary Gillatt
Illustrations by Adrian Salmon

The Time Team are
Peter
Richard
Jac
Clayton

IN ORDER. FROM THE START.

next. "Isn't it marvellous to see human celebration and things returning to normal afterwards for once?" says Clay. "But it turns out that, all along, the story was about Victoria's dilemma and how badly she was coping with her travels. It's a staggering emotional moment, especially in the way that the Doctor and Jamie seem to feel almost betrayed."

Jac is equally impressed. "Can you imagine the First Doctor staying around for another day to make sure his companion doesn't change her mind about leaving? This is the first time that the Doctor's made sure that they *really* want to go. It feels like a proper ending, not just a tacked-on addition. If we were actually seeing it on video I may well have shed a tear."

"This is the best and most moving leaving scene ever," says Clay, clearly having had all his reference points redefined. "It's certainly the most 'real'. Why is it not discussed more? Is it just because there's no video?"

But what's this? A criticism from Richard? In the dying moments? "It's rather a pity that they decided to include the final TARDIS scene," he says. "The idea of having no dialogue on Victoria's final scene works really well and is quite emotional. The extra TARDIS scene seems intrusive and unnecessary."

And so to the next episode. David Whitaker's name on the opening credits gladdens the Team's hearts – but, alas, *The Wheel in Space* goes pear-shaped in minutes. Like the bathroom bulb that seems to blow more often than any other in the house, the TARDIS fluid link is broken again. Jac sighs long and loud. "The Doctor really should stock up on mercury. You'd have thought he'd have learned his lesson after that business with the Daleks. Perhaps this *is* a Dalek story!"

"It's certainly a Whitaker one," says Peter. "The Doctor's only there because he has to be, not because he wants to be. Whitaker's the only writer who still writes his stories like that."

The TARDIS out of action, the Doctor and Jamie spend about 12 hours following a shuffling robot around a space rocket. Everyone is in shock at the drop in quality after *Fury*, but none more than Richard. "What a rotten episode!" he bellows. "It's very, very slow and terribly dull. The Servo Robot walks up and down umpteen times and then gets destroyed and the Doctor and Jamie have dinner. Thrilling."

"It's just an episode of padding," agrees Clay, "and we haven't even got a story yet! Only the release of those 'eggs' into space hints that there might be something worthwhile coming up."

The Doctor passes out, probably due to a bout of mild disgust, as the rocket, the *Silver Carrier*, arrives at a space station known as the Wheel. "A multi-ethnic cast in a futuristic setting," notes Peter. "Forget the Daleks, Jac. This *must* be a Cyberman story!" He then spots Zoe, the Wheel's pert young parapsychopseudologicallibrarian (or something). "Cor! She's a cutie!" he sighs.

"But her entrance isn't terribly promising, is it?" says Richard.

"Speak for yourself."

"I mean," continues Richard, "she's far too cocky and self-assured, and you just don't warm to her." Lack of pictures certainly doesn't help with our keeping track of the faceless crew. Commander Jarvis Bennett is rather unstable, but as this is the Troughton era, that should go without saying. The crew, meanwhile, are panicked by the idea that the *Silver Carrier* is not under their control. "Two episodes down and it hasn't improved," says Richard. "It just seems like Jamie's been walking round in circles, not doing very much. I hope it gets better soon."

"I know that we can't judge this brilliantly without the visuals," says Jac in a conciliatory tone. "But this episode *still* doesn't have any Cybermen, and what's more it doesn't even have the Doctor in it. I really think those watching children would have been annoyed."

Everyone's relieved when the Cybermen finally appear. Out of eggs, no less. "They've been taking lessons from the Daleks," laughs Clay. "Absurd Entrance No 137. Looks effective, though."

Looks? Yes, Episode Three has other charms. "Video. Wonderful, wonderful video!" shouts Jac, casting telesnaps aside. "I'd almost forgotten that the pictures could move!"

The Doctor's back – but so are those terrifying Cybermats. See? They're after Duggan! "This has to be one of the funniest pieces of overacting that we've seen in the programme!" chuckles Richard as a dribbling crewman is cornered by Cybermats. It would be more difficult to escape from a bag of dead guinea pigs. "Bless the poor actor, though. At least all those monkey improvisations he did at drama school came in useful!"

Clay keeps flopping his arms from one side to another in boredom. "Nothing is happening of any interest whatsoever! I couldn't give a flip about the dreary crew and their silly Wheel! And I'm sure the kids in 1967 felt exactly the same. Was *The Time Tunnel* on opposite this? No contest."

Sneaking in on the *Silver Carrier*, the Cybermen plan to infiltrate the Wheel and use it as a launch pad for an invasion of Earth.

"What a rubbish plan!" scoffs Peter as Episode Four begins. "If it hadn't been for Jamie breaking it, the humans' laser would have wiped them out two episodes ago!"

Jac has an ear on a developing friendship. "The Doctor has an instant rapport with Zoe, doesn't he?" she observes. "You know how you meet someone and are comfortable with them straight away, even trading insults?"

"No."

"Shut up."

"Stupid girl."

Jac smiles. "Well, that's what they seem to have. I reckon she's going to become a companion." Wise words.

As we reach Episode Five, Clayton makes his best effort to find something positive to say. "This, at least, seems to be taking place in a more modern world than usual," he begins. "The way they talk to each other is far more relaxed, with little jokes and Christian names the norm. Is it the influence of *Star Trek*? Oooh, is it prototype *Deep Space Nine*?" He loses it. "It's certainly dull enough."

Jac sighs. "So, we have people in authority behaving oddly and being taken over, and monsters destroyed by high frequencies. Haven't we been here before? Like, in the last story?"

"The Cybermen's plan is just stupid, stupid, stupid," rants Clay. "Contrived illogical rubbish. I can't believe the same man wrote the amazing *Power of the Daleks*."

"There's pitifully few Cybermen," adds Peter. "And they're so divorced from the main action that they just don't seem like a credible threat."

Even Richard has lost the will to live. "This is a total washout. It's like two episodes of story have been stretched to six. It's driving me crazy!"

See? In this hothouse atmosphere, the Team trapped seemingly forever in Season Five, someone was bound to go mad in the end.

"Baaaah!" wails a voice from outside. No-one disagrees. DWM

'The Servo Robot walks up and down and the Doctor and Jamie have dinner. How thrilling'

And you said ...

FURY FROM THE DEEP

"I work in a testing lab, and I almost wish some monster crisis would attack it just so we could all have it out with our bosses, like the characters in these stories always do. Could be fun ..."
STEVE MANFRED, USA

"Victoria has stopped having fun, and spends many padding scenes saying so. It must be time for her to leave. Shame she has nothing to do but be knocked out, taken away and then rescued several times ... but Jamie finding Victoria and whispering, 'Oh, you can't be dead,' sends a shiver up the spine. It's probably Jamie's most serious moment so far, and worrying about another companion is much more scary than the indestructible Doctor seeming dead"
ALEX WILCOCK, LONDON

"It may have looked good on TV, but listening to long scenes of helicopter stunts exposes this for what it is – spectacular but heavy padding"
KIT PERREN, CHESHIRE

THE WHEEL IN SPACE

"The TARDIS has landed off Earth for the first time in *how* long? Anyway ... the Cybermen ionised an entire star, probably wiping out a whole solar system, just to get two of their number smuggled onto the Wheel? That's the same as if Hitler invaded Russia just to get one spy across the border!"
STEVE MANFRED, USA

"Jamie is always much brighter when he's the sole companion, isn't he? Or is that just David Whitaker's writing?"
KIT PERREN, CHESHIRE

"The Doctor takes complete control of the situation again, sussing out the Cybermen's threat to the Wheel long before the bickering crew. And he's been in bed for a whole episode!"
STEVE HARDY, DORSET

The Team will be facing the giggling Quarks in **DWM** 309 – so if you want to comment on *The Dominators*, the last bit of *The Wheel in Space* or the first two episodes of *The Mind Robber*, you've got until 29 August! Write to: *The Time Team*, **Doctor Who Magazine**, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ. E-mail: *dwm@panini.co.uk*

MICHAEL TROUGHTON'S MEMORIES

PART THREE

Raw deal

Patrick Troughton's final year as Doctor Who was not a happy one – and that was something he couldn't hide from his by-now-teenage son. In the last part of this exclusive series, **Michael Troughton** remembers the anger and frustration of Season Six – 'a season too far'.

"We can't just leave her," said Jamie, desperately.

"We're not leaving her, Jamie," replied the Doctor, calmly. "It was her decision to stay. Now where would you like to go?"

"I couldn't care less," the young Scot muttered, staring accusingly at the Doctor.

But the Doctor was hurting inside as well.

"I was fond of her too, Jamie," came his simple reply.

It was 20 April 1968, and I was watching the final episode of *Fury From the Deep* with a friend from school. There was a lump in my throat and I was trying hard to hide the embarrassing tears welling up in my eyes. The lonely figure of Victoria stood watching on a windswept beach as the TARDIS rose from the sea and dematerialised into the grey cloud-laden sky. Although I didn't realise it at the time, this was to prove a major turning point in the three long years that my Dad played the Doctor. For me, Season Five had ended not with the Cybermen in *The Wheel in Space*, but with that cold, lonely beach and the departure of Deborah Watling, directed so poignantly by Hugh David.

Fury From the Deep was one of my all-time favourites. I remember my Dad's reaction on seeing the seaweed monster while filming at Ealing studios: "I found it difficult not to laugh. There was this man dressed from head to foot in a skin diver's outfit with what looked like piles of well-cooked spaghetti stuck onto it. Hugh was smiling as well."

Dad later found out that Hugh David intended to flood the creature with white foam to make it look more frightening. "This only made matters worse," he explained. "Nobody could see a damn thing inside that white stuff. It was like having snow blindness! Added to that, of course, everybody kept slipping over all the time and disappearing beneath the foam in fits of giggles!"

Fury From the Deep: Jamie (Frazer Hines) and the Doctor (Troughton) face terror in the rigs – but fighting it's a scream with Victoria (Deborah Watling). Telesnaps © John Cura

Despite these problems, when *Fury From the Deep* was broadcast at the beginning of March, the weed creatures came across with a terrifying reality. Hugh David's idea of allowing only the smallest glimpse of the monster thrashing around in the foam combined with a throbbing 'heartbeat' sound effect created a superb air of menace. But the real strength of this story was in the writing and acting. My father especially liked the idea of possessed humans being able to breathe poison gas from their mouths. I vividly remember a truly chilling scene involving two possessed workers called Mr Oak and Mr Quill spewing out gas breath over an innocent woman. I still don't understand how this scene was allowed to be shown, as it must be one of the scariest in all the *Doctor Who* stories I ever saw.

The departure of Debbie Watling from the series caused real problems for my father. Not only had she become a good friend but, professionally, an essential part of a successful acting trio. Frazer Hines, Debbie and Dad had all become comfortable with each other, both in performance and as people; they knew each others weaknesses and strengths and were able to support each other as a unit. "Those few weeks after Debbie left were very depressing. It was a bit like losing a member of your family," he later confessed. "We did have such good times together ..."

Fury From the Deep was the last in a line of successful, well-constructed and original monster-based stories that had made the second year of my father's run in *Doctor Who* so watchable. From the Cybermen to the Yeti, from the Ice Warriors to the sentient seaweed of *Fury*, all captured their audience. All created suspense. All invited you to wonder what would happen next. My father later agreed that the stories which followed *Fury From the Deep* never quite managed to capture the originality, suspense and fun of that period.

By late spring, *The Wheel in Space* was being recorded and Dad had been hastily granted a week's holiday by producer Peter Bryant, after complaints that he felt physically exhausted. I realise now this had been brought on not only by the punishing weekly workload but by the departure of Debbie, who had been such a good friend and colleague. While actor Chris Jeffries took over as Doctor Who's unconscious body during Episode 2 of *The Wheel in Space*, Dad and I spent a glorious couple of sunny days up in Norfolk at a riverside chalet he had recently purchased. This was a dream come true for both of us. Fishing and sailing from the bottom of your own garden!

I remember we both talked about *Doctor Who* a great deal during that holiday break. However the tone of conversation was not tinged with the enthusiastic, light-hearted excitement I was used to. He seemed agitated and quick-tempered, especially about the standard of recent scripts and the dearth of original stories. He confessed to me that: "We need something new ... something creative to happen. The programme's getting tired and predictable."

There was an air of desperation in his voice – as if he knew that things were going to get far worse, but there was nothing he could do about it. I was very aware of how tired Dad was during this time. I know he had been very disappointed by *The Wheel in Space* which he described to me as "dire" and "the same tired old story bashed out again". In later years he pinpointed the problem: "Of all the monsters in the *Doctor Who* repertoire, the Cybermen had always seemed a real and terrifying threat. But what Production didn't understand was that you couldn't have the Cybermen without a decent story. One was naked without the other." I think he believed that 'Production' were beginning to rely too much on tried-and-tested monsters, and not enough on good plots.

The fifth season officially came to an end with the recording of Episode 6 of *The Wheel in Space* in mid-April. At the end-of-season party, my father, for the first time, discussed his worries about future scripts with Tristan de Vere Cole (director of *The Wheel in Space*) and Peter Bryant. They had all agreed that storylines were lacking in depth, and that the new season should focus hard on new directions for the show and on creating original monsters.

Although Season Five was over, production for the new season started almost immediately, with the first episode of *The Dominators* beginning rehearsals in early May 1968. I recall the relief on my father's face when I met him at his house in Kew after the read-through.

"Looks like a good one – new monsters, good actors, interesting story. Cross all your fingers!"

The production team had been well aware of the problems with future storylines for the new season, and had tried to deal with the concerns that my father had expressed. But, unlike Dad, they still saw the monster-based format as the way forward – and had commissioned the creators of the popular Yeti to come up with a replacement for the Daleks. Mervyn Haisman and Henry Lincoln devised the Quarks, which were metallic robotic creations with high-pitched voices and a very destructive nature. However, script editor Derek Sherwin decided that, although the monsters were plausible, the story was not. Major cuts and rewrites caused Haisman and Lincoln to request that their names be removed from the credits. As far as I know my father knew nothing of the troubled times that this script had been through, and never questioned why the original writers' names had been replaced by a pseudonym – 'Norman Ashby'.

We would listen as he vented his frustration about the way *Doctor Who* was in a 'downward spiral'

During the recording of Episode 1 of *The Dominators*, my father phoned to invite the whole family to visit the studio the following week. This caused incredible excitement – especially for my sister, Jo, who had been told that actor Ronald Allen was playing the chief baddy in the story. Jo had suffered from a crush on Ronald for a few years and was speechless at the prospect of meeting him in the flesh. I thought it was all a bit sad! I concentrated on the prospect of being one of the first to inspect those all-new *Who* monsters – the Quarks.

However, I recall that my third and final visit to the *Doctor Who* studios was a bit of a let-down. Maybe I was getting older and less impressed by the magic of the show – but, as we were greeted at reception, then ushered past security and towards the studio area, I felt a distinct lack of the nervous anticipation that I'd experienced on previous visits.

Studio TC4 at Television Centre had obviously been chosen because of the immense size of the sets designed by Barry Newbery. The main areas consisted of the Dominators' spaceship control room, a ruined war museum with desert exterior, the council rooms of the Dulcians, and a space transport station complete with *Flash Gordon*-esque space pod. I recall the sliding door to the pod stuck on many rehearsals and at one point nearly crushed the fingers of the actor playing Cully, Arthur Cox.

The first scene my family and I watched being rehearsed was set in the Dulcian council chamber. I still clearly remember how long, dull and boring this scene seemed to me at the time. Members of the Dulcian council were discussing the validity of Cully and Zoe's story that a spaceship had landed on an old atomic test site, the 'Island of Death'.

The only thing that kept my interest were the extraordinary costumes that the Dulcians were wearing. It looked as if somebody had ripped down five or six sets of the curtains from my school dining room and had then wrapped them around the midriffs of each actor. I found it difficult not to laugh out loud when I shared this observation with my brother David, but I think he was too busy staring at the scantily-dressed female Dulcians to react!

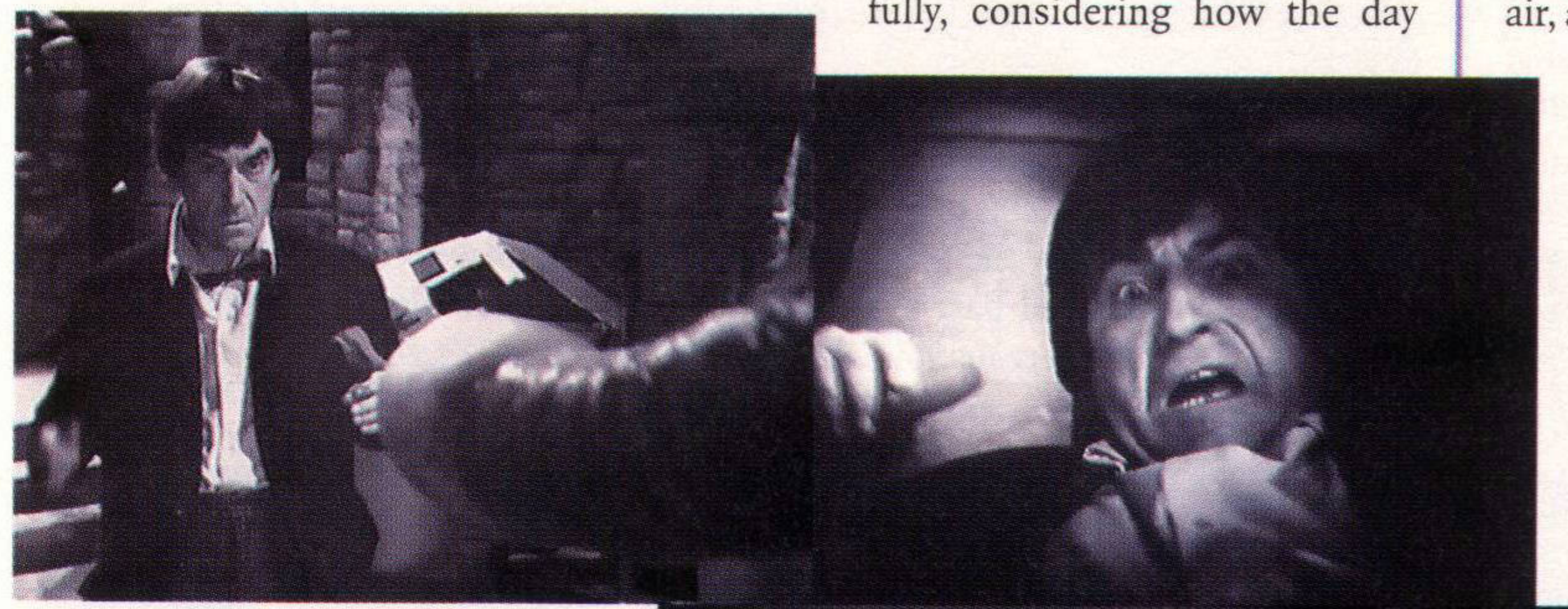
Meeting Guinness workers on location for *The Invasion*. © GUINNESS BREWING WORLDWIDE LTD

During the morning coffee break, Ronald Allen and Kenneth Ives talked to us about the 'Dominator' costumes they had to endure, which consisted of very uncomfortable shoulder-enhancing fiberglass armour. "We feel and look bit like overweight woodlice," I remember Ronald laughing.

Arthur Cox, who was on the next table, interrupted them: "You think you've got problems!" he said, and flipped his curtain skirt up to expose his white Y-fronts!

During lunch I got a chance to inspect the Quarks, but again a feeling of real disappointment came over me. I had been promised a replacement to the Daleks, but all I could see was a rather cumbersome, silver-painted, box-like robot which looked as if it was about to fall over every time it attempted to walk. There was no visible weapon, no grabbing claws, no evil glowing eyes, no terrifying roar. All this monster could offer was a swivelling star-shaped head, extending metal arms and a squeaky drunken voice. I politely declined an offer by the floor manager to make a closer inspection and returned to the rest of the family, who were sitting outside by the fountain eating cheese sandwiches.

Watching the recording of *Doctor Who* was always exciting – and, thankfully, considering how the day had gone up until then, that evening was no exception. The most memorable point during recording of Episode 2 came in a scene between Jamie, the Doctor and the two evil 'woodlice' Dominators set in an old ruined war museum. My father had been a little worried all day about the scene which involved a laser gun being fired into the wall behind him and a large hole appearing with accompanying explosion. Special Effects had not been able to rehearse this effect during the day, due to the expense and the lack of time.



Gond, but not forgotten – *The Krotons*: [above] the Krotons' probe turns its attention to a possible 'High Brain'; and [right] the Doctor and Zoe (Wendy Padbury) are taken inside the mysterious, high-tech Dynatrope ...

However, when the moment came, and Ronald Allen pointed his laser at the wall, there was a loud pop and a fizzing sound followed by ... absolutely nothing. The second time round the effect worked very well, blowing a large hole in the wall which I think took all the actors by surpise (but of course, being professionals, they carried on without flinching!).

Towards the end of that scene, the two Dominators, having realised that Jamie and the Doctor were too stupid to be of any threat to them, exited, closely followed by their Quarks. However, as the last Quark climbed the stairs and disappeared from camera view it tripped and fell very noisily onto the studio floor losing its head and exposing the embarrassed child operator! (Having recently looked at the video of *The Dominators*, the fall of the Quark can be clearly heard off-camera – and, in fact, Frazer looks back twice with a slight smirk on his face to see what is going on.) I think my father was unaware of what had happened during the scene, but as soon as it was over everyone on the studio floor burst into uncontrollable laughter.

That evening was to be the last time I would visit the studio and watch my father recording *Doctor Who*. It was also to be the first and final appearance of the Quarks. A dispute over their ownership and licensing rights meant Haisman and Lincoln would never work for *Doctor Who* again. As my father later explained to me: "When we began to lose writers like Mervyn and Henry, things were on a downward spiral – although I didn't see it at the time."

By the end of June, recording for *The Mind Robber* was well underway when Frazer unexpectedly fell ill with chicken pox, contracted from his nephews. The continuing lack of a contingency plan for actors falling sick was severely tested during the week of 28 June. The second episode was hastily rewritten by Derrick Sherwin and, fortunately, the storyline allowed for Jamie's face to be altered and Hamish Wison was cast in the part as his lookalike.

During the last few recordings, my father had become noticeably less depressed about the future. He was very enthusiastic about *The Mind Robber*, which he described as, "bizarre , but totally in keeping with the style of *Doctor Who*". I think he felt that Peter Ling's literature-based script was exactly the type of unusual story that would restore the faith of viewers.

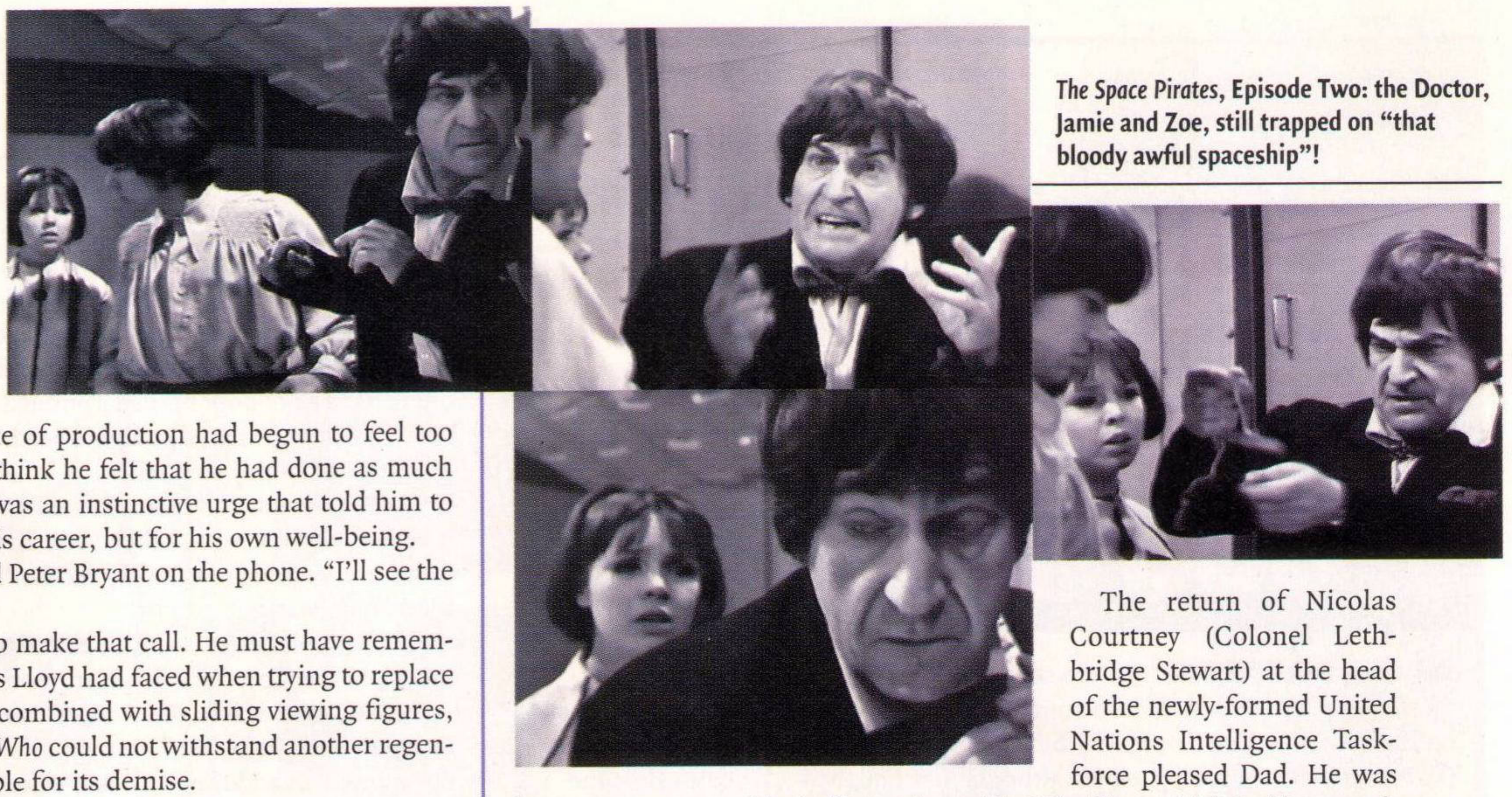
He became edgy and difficul in rehearsals. It was a cry for help, a way of sho ing how much he cared

He had also, by this stage, become good friends with Wendy Padbury (Zoe) and had been able to re-establish that strong acting 'unit' which he felt was so important for his sanity under such unrelenting pressure. In fact, I believe he was a little embarrassed and annoyed with himself for being, as he put it, "rather a bad host to Wendy during her first few episodes".

On 20 July 1968 the cast were finally released for the summer break. Despite a shorter production week having been suggested by Barry Letts the previous year, the physically shattering six-day week had continued. Both Dad and Frazer had been working solidly for 46 weeks – but the show was still on the air, and would be when they returned in September. When he came over to see us the following Sunday I remember him telling my mother that he hadn't had the same feeling of total release since being demobbed after the war. I could see that a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. All the pressure had gone now he was on holiday – the worry of learning scripts on time, the monotony of routine read-throughs and the never-ending treadmill of rehearsals. I was pleased that I had my Dad back.

"I've been like a squirrel on a wheel for nearly a year now," he told us.

The plan for his six-week holiday was to spend three weeks away camping in France with his second family and the remaining time with my brother and myself. It was also during this time that he made a firm decision to leave the series at the end of Season Six. In a phone conversation to Peter Bryant in mid August, he made it clear that is was "time to move on to new projects". There were many reasons that prompted this phone call – but, above all, Dad had begun to really fear being typecast. Before *Doctor Who* he had successfully jumped from one character to another, embracing widely differing roles: a saint (*Paul of Tarsus*), a dwarf (Quilp in *The Old Curiosity Shop*), a doctor (Manet in *A Tale of Two Cities*), a clown (*Give the Clown His Supper*), a hermit (*Jason and the Argonauts*) and a toff (*The Scarlet Pimpernel*) were just a few of his more memorable creations.



***The Space Pirates*, Episode Two: the Doctor, Jamie and Zoe, still trapped on "that bloody awful spaceship"!**

He was a character actor at heart, and his interest lay in the process of creation rather than repetitive portrayal. Perhaps the weekly routine of production had begun to feel too much like working in the theatre. I think he felt that he had done as much with the Doctor as he could. There was an instinctive urge that told him to move on – not only for the good of his career, but for his own well-being.

"Three years ... no longer," he told Peter Bryant on the phone. "I'll see the season out and leave in the spring."

I recall how guilty he felt having to make that call. He must have remembered the kind of problems that Innes Lloyd had faced when trying to replace William Hartnell. His fear was that, combined with sliding viewing figures, his departure might mean that *Doctor Who* could not withstand another regeneration. He alone would be responsible for its demise.

Despite these worries, he had been determined to have fun and the last three weeks of the holiday I spent helping him rekindle a passion for the game of golf. He had played regularly when he was younger, but after the war he had never had the time to get back into the routine.

I played most weekends at Northwood Hills public course which was near my school, so I was very excited when he announced that he had become a member of the Stage Golf Society in Richmond Park. However, playing golf with my father was a bit unpredictable – to say the least! He had a temper that would often materialise, like the TARDIS, rather suddenly. It was not directed at any person but usually at an inanimate object. Golf was the perfect catalyst, and the frustration of hitting a little white ball with a metal walking stick would often prove too great for him. On many occasions after his shot had finished with a 'plop' in the lake or with a 'crack' in the woods, he would shout, curse and jump up and down, banging his club against his trolley like a three year-old having an uncontrollable tantrum. I would walk on, smiling politely at any fellow golfers lucky enough to witness the event, and pretend that he had absolutely nothing to do with me.

Recording *The Space Pirates* – not a happy time ... © BBC

His most embarrassing habit, however, was to urinate at as many locations on the course as possible. This, he assured me, was because of a weak bladder – but I think he just liked peeing in public! On one occasion, while he was in full flow, two lady members on the opposite hole could be heard saying:

"What's that man doing ?"

"Oh, don't worry, dear – that's just Doctor Who going for a pee!"

The new production year began on 3 September 1968 with bad news. My father had learned that a number of scripts scheduled for Season Six were in desperate trouble, and were close to being aborted. A sense of panic pervaded the production team during this time. Dad's complaints about the *Doctor Who* format becoming stale and predictable were finally being recognised. Peter Bryant also complained bitterly about the lack of budget and resources.

It was for this reason that Bryant decided to bring *Doctor Who* 'back down to Earth' again. The money saved on alien planet sets, time consuming recces for out-of-this-world locations and model effects could be invested in actors, writers and good, solid production values. He told Dad at the read-through for *The Invasion* that, in the future, a lot of the stories would occur on Earth with real people involved in everyday situations. *The Invasion* was the first step in a deliberate move to bring *Doctor Who* into the real world.

The return of Nicolas Courtney (Colonel Lethbridge Stewart) at the head of the newly-formed United Nations Intelligence Taskforce pleased Dad. He was keen to see a story with similar setting to *The Web of Fear*, which had been such a success. However, he was very disappointed that Jack Watling was unable to appear once more as Professor Travers, the role being replaced by 'Professor Watkins', as played by Edward Burnham.

The first studio recordings for *The Invasion* began on 20 September. For this sixth production block, fewer episodes would be made. This was an enormous relief to both my father and Frazer Hines, because pre-filming would no longer cut into important rehearsal time. They would also have the luxury of six weeks between taping and transmission to cover illness or production problems.

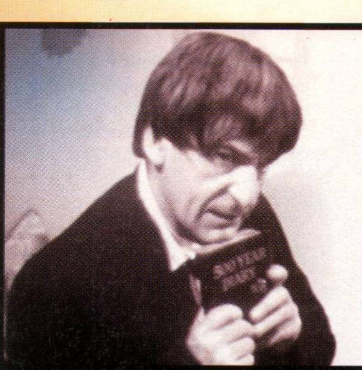
At the beginning of October, just three episodes into the recording of *The Invasion*, my father was told that the next scheduled story, *The Prison in Space*, was to be shelved. I know this made him very uneasy. In the past he had always been sure of knowing the rough outline of future scripts at least three months in advance. This gave him the option to discuss any worries he had about them and time to influence any changes needed. My father became even more concerned when he learned that *The Prison in Space*, by comedy writer Dick Sharples, had got as far as being assigned a director. (In fact, it was later discovered that some casting had been completed and even design work on a few sets and costumes.) By the beginning of November the troubled production had been hastily replaced by a standby story entitled *The Krotons*.

"I didn't know what was coming next until a few days before we finished the Cyberman story," Dad told me. "It was a bit scary – too close to call for my liking!"

The rushed replacement did not impress my father, but it was too late to complain. Based on the idea of a primitive god-worshipping civilisation that was really being controlled by crystalline aliens feeding on their mental energies, it relied too heavily on the 'monster format'. The show had fallen into the same trap as *The Dominators* – but if the Quarks had been unimpressive, the Krotons, by comparison, were dreadful! Even the writer, Robert Holmes was appalled by their design, describing them as "angry egg boxes!"

During the pre-filming in a chalk quarry, the robots proved unreliable and not very photogenic. My father spent most of that day out of breath – not from shooting the energetic escape sequences but from the uncontrollable fits of laughter caused by the antics of these unwieldy monsters. "Poor David Maloney!" said Dad, recalling the story's director. "We were very naughty that day. But those robot things – they were totally useless! They looked so out-of-place. No matter how hard I tried I just couldn't pretend I was terrified of them. But the really funny thing was no matter what anyone did, nobody could make them move – and they were supposed to be chasing us !'

By Christmas 1968 my focus had turned from the science fiction of *Doctor Who* to science fact. Manned exploration of the Moon seemed far more exciting than mere television. On 21 December I watched *Apollo VIII* rise into



THERE WAS MORE THAN ONE YOUNG BOY KEEPING NOTES THROUGHOUT PATRICK TROUGHTON'S TIME IN *DOCTOR WHO*. JAN VINCENT-RUDZKI CHECKS HIS ...

1,000 day diary

24 August 1968 For just the second time, I'd been on holiday and unable to watch *Doctor Who*. Fortunately, I managed to catch up on those lost episodes in later years – phew! – but back in the summer of 1968 I joined *The Dominators* with Episode 3, which although not bad, was a bit confusing and not overly interesting. The same went for the next two episodes, but the last one garnered a bit more interest

14 September *The Mind Robber* Episode 1. Despite this being a TARDIS episode (my favourite part of the show) I was not much impressed, but from Episode 3 onwards I found things much more involving. With the last episode I also noted that the Olympics had started

2 November *The Invasion* started at "excellent", with Episodes Five and Eight reaching "terrific", the next stage up in my gauge of appreciation. This new season was certainly getting better and better. Tobias Vaughn was an excellent villain, and the revelation of his being half-Cyberman a spine-tingling moment. I also note that *Zokko* is on – early days for Saturday morning children's television

28 December *The Krotons*: three episodes at "excellent", but the last episode dropped to "very good" as, sadly, the story failed to deliver what it had seemed to be promising. Decimalisation had started, and I got a new currency presentation pack for Christmas!

25 January 1969 *The Seeds of Death* Episode One. Not particularly impressed by this story, the Ice Warriors failing to live up to expectations. Five of the episodes are just "not bad", with only the fifth instalment moving up a notch to "good". Another cold winter with more snow, but it was good to be inside with lots of watchable TV: *Do Not Adjust Your Set*, *Marine Boy*, *Out of the Unknown* and *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In*. Interesting times, as the first flight of the French Concorde is noted on 2 March

8 March No comment about the first episode of *The Space Pirates*, with reactions then ranging from "good" to "very good". Only the last episode rose above these, but I found this story plodding. After the final part the BBC showed *The Violent Universe*, an epic programme looking at the mysteries of the Universe and reflecting the growing interest in space exploration

19 April Out of the blue, the *Radio Times* announces that *The War Games* is to be the last story with Patrick Troughton as the Doctor. Can this be possible? I am very sad, but also intrigued as we are finally going to meet his people, the mysterious Time Lords. A "good" start with Episode One, but it's "excellent" for every episode hereafter, rising to "terrific" for Episode Five. In fact, this episode was audio-recorded in my headteacher-mother's school hall while the yearly fête was held outside! Episodes Nine and Ten reached new peaks of brilliance – these were amazing episodes, and made a deep impression. Episode Ten was the saddest episode for me since, perhaps, Vicki left, or Sara Kingdom died.

Between Episodes Six and Seven, *Apollo XI* splashed down – and on 20 July, a few weeks after Patrick Troughton's Doctor had been exiled to Earth, I stayed up late to watch the transmission of the first landing on the Moon

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the sky and leave the Earth's orbit. Its mission was to put a tiny command capsule into orbit around the Moon at a height of less than 70 miles. This was no special effect. On board were real astronauts, not actors. Late on Christmas Eve my father and I watched in silent amazement as live transmissions were beamed to earth of spectacular views of the lunar surface. I can still remember the words of Colonel Borman as he swung his camera around to look back at Earth:

"There's a beautiful Earth out here, but boy does it look small!"

The stark reality of those few simple words and the image of our tiny planet alone against the dark of space have stayed with me to this day.

I think for both Dad and myself, this was a time of change and awakening. For me, the lure of science began to offer far more excitement and interest than the false promise of science fiction. As for Dad, he had come to realise that time was precious. He needed to move on in his life, and that meant leaving *Doctor Who* as soon as was possible.

On 7 January 1969 the news broke to the press that Patrick Troughton had decided to leave *Doctor Who* at the end of Season Six. Although having discussed this with Peter Bryant during the summer break, no official announcement had been made until this moment. From this point onward, my father began to become edgy and increasingly difficult in rehearsals.

I remember on one occasion he had arrived at our house in Mill Hill after completing a producer's run-through for Episode Two of *The Space Pirates*. He was angry, but it was an anger born of frustration more than aggression. As I opened the front door his usual enthusiastic whistle of greeting did not materialise. Instead he gazed straight ahead, hardly acknowledging me. He looked haunted and highly stressed.

In the conversation that followed over tea it became clear that he was not seeing eye-to-eye with either Peter Bryant or the director, Michael Hart. I recall him complaining to my mother about how dull and unwatchable *The Space Pirates* was going to be.

"This is Episode Two and we're still trapped in that bloody awful spaceship set. I told them people will just turn off."

In fact, Dad was right. People were turning off – viewing figures had dropped alarmingly from over 7 million on average to 5 million over the last few stories. In addition, ITV had begun to wage a ratings war, transmitting glossy shows like *Joe 90*, *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* and *Land of the Giants* in direct opposition to *Doctor Who*.

Tea-time conversations between my mother and Dad became a regular weekly routine. She would listen patiently as he vented his frustrations and anger about the way *Doctor Who* was "sinking into a downward spiral". I can recall snatches of it clearly:

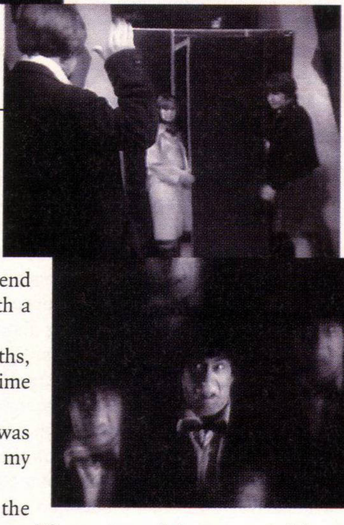
"These new scripts are not professional enough. They're just shoddy ... I can't speak poor dialogue! It's just not fair to expect that ... It's like banging your head against a brick wall ... Nobody will listen."

The actor Jack May, who played General Hermack in *The Space Pirates*, later told me: "In rehearsals your father would sound off at the smallest thing. He wasn't the old Pat that I remembered, joking and larking about. He seemed paranoiac and unusually serious about the whole thing."

Many other actors and directors I have spoken to also confirmed that during the last few months of *Doctor Who* my father got a very bad reputation for being difficult to work with. Although not condoning his behaviour, I believe that this was only a cry for help and a misdirected way of showing how much he cared for the series. He was a perfectionist who, faced with the far from perfect, hit out in the only way he knew.

He later admitted: "Towards the end I began to care too much. But most of all, I didn't want to be responsible for killing off *Doctor Who*. I remember the part just overwhelming me; making me inconsistent and argumentative ... almost schizophrenic."

"A season too far" was the way Dad often described this troubled final year as Doctor Who. By mid-May 1969, during recording for Episode Six of *The War Games*, it had become clear that the ratings had begun to slip once more. In fact, by Episode Eight figures had reached a low of 3.5 million. My father's time as the Doctor was to end the way he had always feared – with a disinterested public.



The War Games: [above] the sinister War Chief (Edward Brayshaw) sidles up to the Doctor; and [right] the Second Doctor waves goodbye

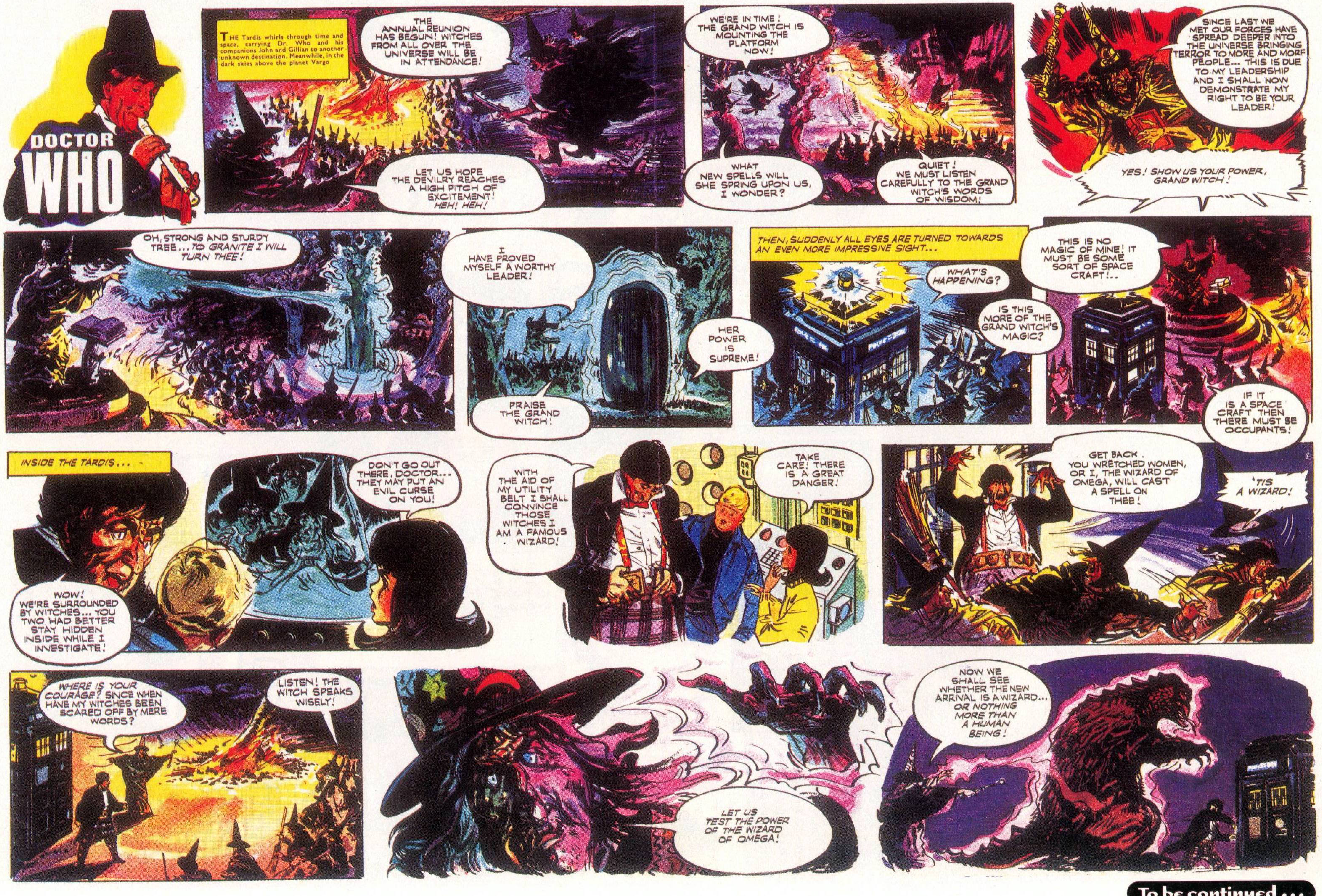
Despite these unhappy final months, Dad would always look back on his time in *Doctor Who* with affection:

"I'd say that being Doctor Who was the best working experience of my career."

For me, my father's time as the Doctor was a very special period in my life – a time of change, certainly a time of childhood dreams come true, but best of all a time that seeded the inspiration for me to follow in his footsteps. DWM

The Witches Part One

Another 1960s classic from the pages of *TV Comic!*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WE'RE IN TIME! THE GRAND WITCH IS MOUNTING THE PLATFORM NOW!
WHAT NEW SPELLS WILL SHE SPRING UPON US, I WONDER?
QUIET! WE MUST LISTEN CAREFULLY TO THE GRAND WITCH'S WORDS OF WISDOM!
SINCE LAST WE MET OUR FORCES HAVE SPREAD DEEPER INTO THE UNIVERSE BRINGING TERROR TO MORE AND MORF PEOPLE... THIS IS DUE TO MY LEADERSHIP AND I SHALL NOW DEMONSTRATE MY RIGHT TO BE YOUR LEADER!
YES! SHOW US YOUR POWER, GRAND WITCH!
OH, STRONG AND STURDY TREE... TO GRANITE I WILL TURN THEE!
I HAVE PROVED MYSELF A WORTHY LEADER!
HER POWER IS SUPREME!
PRAISE THE GRAND WITCH!
THEN, SUDDENLY ALL EYES ARE TURNED TOWARDS AN EVEN MORE IMPRESSIVE SIGHT...
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
IS THIS MORE OF THE GRAND WITCH'S MAGIC?
THIS IS NO MAGIC OF MINE! IT MUST BE SOME SORT OF SPACE CRAFT!..
IF IT IS A SPACE CRAFT THEN THERE MUST BE OCCUPANTS!
INSIDE THE TARDIS...
WOW! WE'RE SURROUNDED BY WITCHES... YOU TWO HAD BETTER STAY HIDDEN INSIDE WHILE I INVESTIGATE!
DON'T GO OUT THERE, DOCTOR... THEY MAY PUT AN EVIL CURSE ON YOU!
WITH THE AID OF MY UTILITY BELT I SHALL CONVINCE THOSE WITCHES I AM A FAMOUS WIZARD!
TAKE CARE! THERE IS A GREAT DANGER!
GET BACK. YOU WRETCHED WOMEN, OR I, THE WIZARD OF OMEGA, WILL CAST A SPELL ON THEE!
'TIS A WIZARD!
WHERE IS YOUR COURAGE? SINCE WHEN HAVE MY WITCHES BEEN SCARED OFF BY MERE WORDS?
LISTEN! THE WITCH SPEAKS WISELY!
LET US TEST THE POWER OF THE WIZARD OF OMEGA!
NOW WE SHALL SEE WHETHER THE NEW ARRIVAL IS A WIZARD... OR NOTHING MORE THAN A HUMAN BEING!

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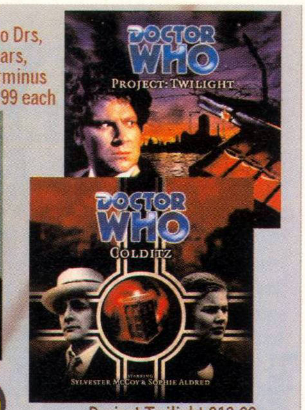

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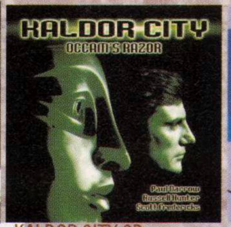

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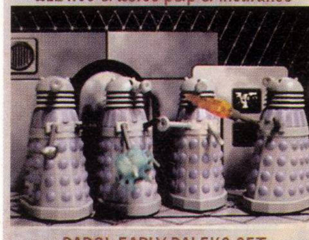

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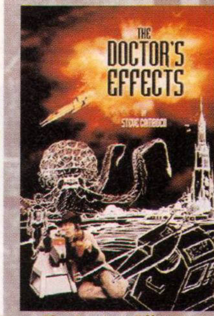

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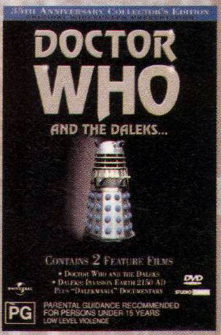

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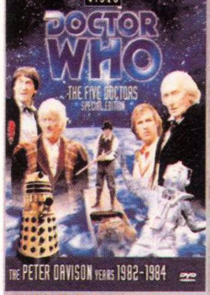

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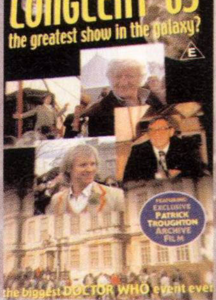

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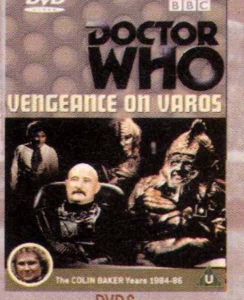

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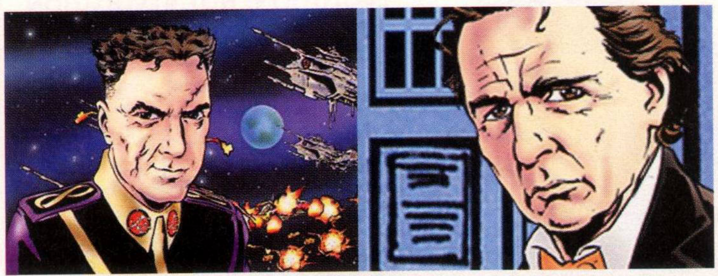
HIT RATE FOR ONLINE PILOT CONFOUNDS BBC BOSSES' EXPECTATIONS

100,000 experience *Death*

BBC Online's ongoing 'webcast' of *At the Temple of the Fourth*, the sole completed episode of projected six-part Seventh Doctor and Ace epic *Death Comes to Time*, proved a big success over the first three days it was available to view.

Over 100,000 users accessed the 'Cult' pages, where the episode could be found, between Friday 13 and Sunday 15 July, making over 1.6 million 'page impressions'; it is believed that Fictionlab, the department overseeing the webcast, had expected something in the region of 50,000 people to log on for the pilot.



Lee Sullivan's impressions of General Tannis (John Sessions) and the Doctor. © BBC ONLINE

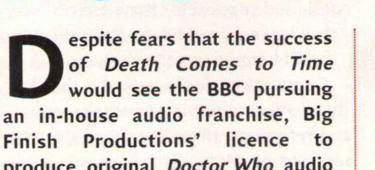
Fictionlab head Richard Fell said: "The response from users has been overwhelming and clearly shows that there's a thriving *Doctor Who* community on the Net. The pilot has worked extremely well and we are delighted with the results to date. *Doctor Who* fans should keep watching this space!" A definitive announcement regarding future online audio adventures is expected shortly. *At the Temple of the Fourth*, with visuals by **DWM** artist Lee Sullivan [above], remains available at *www.bbc.co.uk/doctorwho*

NUN BETTER: IRIS WILDTHYME TEAMS UP WITH FIFTH DOCTOR IN AUDIO RANGE

No end for Big Finish

Despite fears that the success of *Death Comes to Time* would see the BBC pursuing an in-house audio franchise, Big Finish Productions' licence to produce original *Doctor Who* audio drama has once again been extended by BBC Worldwide.

Co-producer Gary Russell confirmed that a renewal contract was signed during July, giving Big Finish the rights to produce audio *Doctor Who* into the second half of the decade. He told **DWM**: "To say I'm both surprised and delighted that this has happened right now would be an understatement. Jason Haigh-Ellery and I take it as a huge, positive reaction from both BBC Worldwide and the audio audience. Knowing that we're still going to be making *Doctor Who* for the next few years gives us a great opportunity, to coin a phrase, to be a bit 'broader and deeper' ...



Coming up: a broader and deeper Nyssa and Ace

"In both Evelyn Smythe and Charley Pollard, we've had the chance to create new and different companions for the Doctor, and I think we'll be doing something similar for one of the others before too long. There are also ongoing storylines planned for both Nyssa and Ace and as for other things ... There's a temptation to say 'Who knows?' – but instead, I'll opt for a good old-fashioned, 'Stay tuned!'"

● *Excelis* uncovered

Further details for 2002's *Excelis* trilogy, three single-CD releases featuring the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Doctors respectively, all set in the city of Excelis on the planet Ataris, are now available.

Excelis Dawns, released in February, features Peter Davison and is written by Paul Magrs – whose popular BBC Books character, time travel *grande dame* Iris Wildthyme, makes her audio debut. Here, the Doctor finds Iris in a convent near the city of Excelis, with no memory of why she is there or how she ended up as a nun; all she does know is that various factions in the city are searching for a holy relic – a relic which has the power to change Excelis' future. Joined by the ungracious warlord Grayvorn and the enthusiastic novice Sister Jolene, the Doctor and Iris must learn the truth of the relic and wrest it from the grasp of the Zombie King ...

The Sixth Doctor then becomes involved with the supernatural in April's *Excelis Rises*, which marks the Big Finish debut of popular novelist David A McIntee, while the Seventh Doctor believes the relic is finally dealt with in June's release, *Excelis Decays* by Craig Hinton.

As a coda to the *Excelis* story, Big Finish are also planning a tie-in to their other audio range, when *Professor Bernice Summerfield and the Excelis Adventure* is released in July. Set many years later, here the final fate of Artaris, and the city of Excelis will be explored by Benny, who finds herself teamed up with Iris Wildthyme in a story by Stephen Cole.

Win Hear'say!

Ah, just look at them. Aren't they just dreamy? Left to right, here's the top pop combo of 2001: hunky Danny, butch Noel, little Suzanne, sultry Myleene and finally, nuclear physicist and Wittgensteinian philosopher Kym. And you – yes, you! – could have six-and-a-half-inch hand-painted statuettes of all five if you just ... if you ...

Sorry, readers. I fear the August heat has gone to our heads (Baron Panini doesn't believe in air-conditioning, you see; he thinks it's bad for his serfs). Here, you witness a parade of the corking *Doctor Who* monster statuettes made by Product Enterprises Ltd: they're out now, they're £24.99 each, they're very lovely, and if you go to *www.prod-ent.freeserve.co.uk* you can find out all about these, and Talking Daleks and dioramas and more. Meanwhile, one lucky reader is going to win a set of all five – worth £125! And the question:

Which green amorphous blobs are the Sontarans' mortal enemies?

Answers reading 'Westlife' will be disqualified. Send your postcards or stuck-down envelopes marked THE CHAMELEON FACTOR to the editorial address on page 48 no later than 20 September.

BBC Video: they might be *Giants*

Season Two three-parter *Planet of Giants*, starring William Hartnell, is tentatively slated for relesase by BBC Video in January 2002. Restoration Team member Steve Roberts claims that the scheduling of *Giants* "sees the start of a concerted effort to get the remaining complete, previously unreleased stories out on VHS in the space of the next two years – two years which will undoubtedly see DVD finally take its place as the preferred format for commercial video releases."

BBC Books: *Crooked* in June

Terrance Dicks' May 2002 Fifth Doctor adventure has undergone a change of title, from *Warmongers* to *Prelude*. June 2002 sees the Eighth Doctor visit *The Crooked World*, courtesy of Steve Lyons, for some 'wacky fun' in a place where the normal physical laws do not apply. July, meanwhile, sees him dealing with time distortion during the Spanish Civil War in *History 101* from newcomer Mags L Halliday.

Depending on sales of the forthcoming *Doctor Who: The Scripts – Tom Baker 1974/5*, a second volume covering Season Seven is being considered for release during 2002.

Make an exhibition of yourself!

Following on from July's *Longleat 83: The Greatest Show in the Galaxy?* – a video documentary on the vast 20th anniversary of *Doctor Who* event held at Longleat House, Wiltshire, nearly 20 years ago – independent producers Reeltime Pictures are looking to release a compilation of the best bits of the *Doctor Who* exhibitions at Longleat and Blackpool over the years. Anyone with home video or cine film from the exhibitions, particularly dating back to the 1970s and 1980s, and who'd like to see their footage included in the tape, should get in touch with Reeltime producer Keith Barnfather at PO Box 23435, London SE26 5WU (e-mail: keith.barnfather@talk21.com).

This autumn will also see Reeltime release three documentaries put together by America's New Jersey Network, never before seen in the UK. *Doctor Who: Then and Now* (September) includes a rare interview with late Dalek creator Terry Nation; Jon Pertwee, Tom Baker, Peter Davison and Colin Baker all appear in both *Who's Who* (October) and *The Home Whovian* (November).

Rebranded

EVOLUTION, NOT REVOLUTION FOR THE SIXTH DOCTOR

ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER LANGRIDGE

WARNING! Spoilers ahead

*It's **Doctor Who Magazine**'s policy to review new Doctor Who adventures as fully as possible, from beginning to end – so if you've not yet read or listened to the books and audios under discussion in this issue, and you don't want their plots to be given away, stop reading now!*

DOCTOR WHO: BLOODTIDE

AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR JONATHAN MORRIS
RRP £13.99
ISBN 1 903654 32 7

We are privileged to be witnessing a reinvention unprecedented even in the British political arena – for this is the era of New Sixth Doctor. Gone are such voter-unfriendly policies as companion-strangling, sulking at unreasonable length and being possessed by evil on a near-weekly basis. New Sixth Doctor is electable by virtue of never really disagreeing with anyone, dispensing with his egotistical idiosyncrasies and adopting policies popular with his rivals – such as the verbal gymnastics popular with the 1987-89 government ("Let's see what the Tortoise tortoise taught us") and the kind of unspecific secular humanism that stopped the 1982-84 leadership from offending anyone whatsoever. The man on the Clapham Omnibus knows he's being taken in by New Sixth Doctor – but still can't help voting for him.

The seeds of his latest exploits were there in Old Sixth Doctor. He was habitually seen hanging around with the kind of people who made the past what it is today – your Georges and Herberts – but what's different is that his trip back to the Victorian Galapagos Islands to meet a young Charles Darwin is expressly to delight companion Evelyn, the likeable female academic he carries.

For all the rebranding on the government bench, as far as the opposition goes this is a 'Back to Basics' contest. Despite *Bloodtide*'s maritime constituency, no Sea Devil candidate is fielded, and innovations which proved disastrous with the electorate during the 1984 Sea Base Four campaign – tinny voices, and a vocally-synchronised third eye – have been ditched in an attempt to appeal to core voters (even if the controversial Myrka has been retained). For all the nearly profound issues debated, it's a straightforward contest – one that elder statesmen such as Terrance Dicks, and particularly the late Lord Hulke, would have felt comfortable entering. Indeed, the campaign begins a few hundreds of millions of years ago, when the Silurians submit to hibernation in a prologue that tells the attentive recipient all he or she needs to know to guess what is behind subsequent events.

Bloodtide is a safe seat for BFP (that's Big Finish Productions), whose manifesto includes much proven to secure victory. The production is set well beyond the middle-England heartlands of old, with the forest of Chatham Island sounding such a believably verdant aviary that one almost has to open a window. One could spare the attention to perform this and other domestic tasks while listening; floating listeners will, therefore, find the story rewarding.

Campaigning on a combined platform of policies (natural selection) and personalities (Charles Darwin) is common sense, lending weight to both. Miles Richardson's earnest naturalist spreads his gradual realisation of the origin of species across all four episodes, both prompted by events in the story and adding significance to them. However, when Darwin's religious faith is finally shaken apart by his discoveries, New Sixth Doctor stays firmly on the fence, diverting the subject to the wonder of Creation in general and maintaining his refusal to be drawn on the issue of legislation from afar – one which has torn apart other parties. He's unambiguously opposed to Genetic Modification, however – which could raise questions in the House about his continued support for *homo sapiens*, now that leaked documents show them to be GM organisms themselves.

Central to majority appeal is the ability to offer something for conservatives and reformers alike. The former will be seduced by *Bloodtide*'s moderate pace, traditional structure (especially the Doctor and temporary companion Greta's breakneck escape from captivity to warn the crew of the *Beagle* at the close of Part Two) and period setting. The latter can draw stimulation from the addition of another layer to the process showing Earth's constituency swinging from Silurian to human control.

It can be enjoyed as a traditional runaround, but at the heart of *Bloodtide* are some bleak insights. Just as no trace survives of the Silurian civilisation, the Doctor assures Evelyn that after a similar period, there will be nothing left of humanity – we are temporary occupants of this planet, and not even the most-developed. Even the humanism that displaces Creationism is devalued – we did not evolve, it transpires, but were engineered as food animals. "I am your God," declares Tulok, leader of the pro-GM faction within the Silurian party, just like the closing words of a conference address.

So, what future for New Sixth Doctor? Well, if this result were to be extrapolated across the board, then BFP could look forward to being in power for a good few many terms to come; there is nothing to criticise in these four intelligent yet unchallenging episodes. If asked in an exit poll whether *Bloodtide* proves what a great Doctor Colin Baker could have been, I could only respond in the negative; instead, *Bloodtide* proves what a great Doctor he *is*.

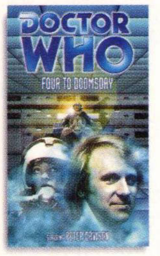
Another landslide. DAVE OWEN

Weightless

Duplicates, dancing and dullness define Davison's debut

DOCTOR WHO:
FOUR TO DOOMSDAY

VIDEO BBC Video
RRP £12.99
CAT NO BBCV 7134



The first Peter Davison story to be recorded becomes his last to make it to video. There's little to read into *Four to Doomsday*'s late arrival – it's the usual, unthreatening piece, typical of the era, where the whole feels like one endless Part Three. There's a lot of standing around in a story that fails to communicate its sci-fi ideas clearly and never makes anything dramatic out of them. But somewhere under the endless chitchat is an idea about a frog-like, alien king plotting to replace Earth's population with three billion of his own. Put like that, it sounds like a spoof – but at least it's simple, and with a title that implies a countdown, has the potential for suspense. But the story never comes alive. It's as if *Doctor Who* wanted to prove it could do silly spaceship stories and serious, grown-up stuff as well. But it doesn't know what to choose – android technology, immortality, abduction, light speed theories, our frog king's own God complex or, most boringly, how long it takes to travel from one side of the universe to the other. So it takes on all in equal measure, and comes in unfocused and horribly overwritten.

Four to Doomsday only ever wants to talk, never illustrating its ideas with action. Let's *see* Monarch attempt his impossible mode of travel. Forget the Mayan dance routines of the Recreation Hall – let's have some shake, rattle and roll as the spaceship hits light speed and starts to tear itself apart. Milking these situations should be second nature to *Doctor Who*, so why aren't a few of the androids turning rogue and murderous? Moments are wasted, such as when Adric and Nyssa stumble into a room without oxygen – surely an opportunity for a big scene where everyone struggles for breath? Oh well – at least there's the Doctor's memorable space-walk to look forward to ... Actually, for something achieved by CSO, it isn't too phoney – but since it's just about the only time that *Four to Doomsday* moves, it's a shame they didn't float Davison on Kirby wires and shoot the sequence on film, to give the feeling of weightlessness. However, the whole thing's utterly upstaged by the silliness of the Doctor bobbing about without a spacesuit.

Four to Doomsday: **'FAB, Tegan.'** © BBC Video

When not paddling in space, Davison's the most interesting thing about *Four to Doomsday*. 'Dependable' would cover the majority of his performances as the Doctor – but this first shot at the role is something else entirely. Davison is haunted by Tom Baker, or more by what Baker sold the Doctor to be – a constant eccentric, and someone of conflicting moods. Davison hardly delivers two lines the same. He's up, down, fast, slow, loud, quiet; he's enthusiastic and bad-tempered, calm and strict, excitable and vague. His performance is frenetic, and sometimes forced, but in this scatter-gun approach to the Doctor, Davison is seen fleetingly toying with a dizzying number of possible portrayals. No, he's not very strong with the light-hearted changes of temperament, nor with the whimsy – but he does have a nice line in tetchiness, one we won't see again. He's sharp, barking "Stay here" and "Shut up!" to his companions – and reprimanding, too, calling Adric, "Young idiot."

Nobody can say *Four to Doomsday* doesn't look good. The spaceship sets should have been mothballed and reused; their solid, detailed appearance would have propped up the underdressed *Terminus*, and their battleship grey darkened down the overlit Sea Base of *Warriors of the Deep*. And things start very well. The hi-tech chamber where the TARDIS arrives feels odd and unsafe – strange sounds and a pulsing glow promise this could be shadowy, shivery stuff. Unfortutately, the lightweight space helmets our travellers don to explore don't do much for the actors, making them look like Gerry Anderson puppets, and Davison doesn't do much to keep the mood, striding along corridors with a fixed grin. But things really hit the skids from Monarch's introduction. Only Davros can get away with great villainy from a seated position. Kermit's bigger, fatter brother doesn't cut it. No criticism of Stratford Johns, who does what's asked of him – the problem's in the writing and direction. Monarch, with his James Bond villain politeness, is so calm, and so laid-back about his plan, that *Four to Doomsday* never picks up any energy or tension.

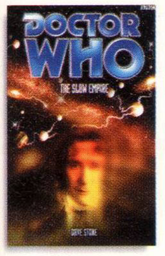
Vanessa Bishop

Exhausted

Doctor Eight runs on the spot – and falls flat on his face

DOCTOR WHO:
THE SLOW EMPIRE

NOVEL BBC Books
AUTHOR Dave Stone
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0 563 53835 X



It isn't until the last few pages of *The Slow Empire* that its author, the garrulous Dave Stone, admits that the entire inspiration for the novel was an excruciating pun on 'ambassadorial corps'. Though there have been worse reasons for writing a book, few authors can have thrown away such promising central ideas in favour of a dull and unoriginal zombie runaround.

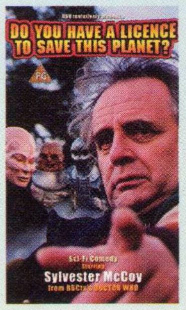
Stone's 'slow Empire' exists in a region of space where the clichéd rules of science fiction – faster-than-light spaceships, time travel and instantaneous interstellar communication – do not apply. Instead, it takes centuries to travel between the planets of the Empire, and any knowledge of other worlds is invariably several centuries out of date.

Having introduced such concepts, Stone refuses to explore their implications, aside from a few occasional hints of ore tributes. There is no real sense of how or why this Empire functions. Worse still, there is no sense of progression as the Doctor and his companions flit from world to world. One gets the sense that, if the book was coming in short, Stone could just insert a trip to another planet without affecting the pace or structure. If the people of the Empire are going nowhere slowly, then the novel seems inclined to match them.

There are a few interesting touches. In a world of caves, the people believe that the universe consists of an infinity of similar caverns, Stone touching on the notion that our beliefs are shaped by our surroundings. He takes cultural differences between of the present day – the 'OK' gesture being regarded as obscene in Latin America, for example – and blows them up to the size of planets, and he snipes at modern society, citing worlds wrecked by industrialisation, landmines and racial hatred. Stone plays up the gap between image and reality, from the soldiers on Shakrath who dress as an orchestra and have weapons disguised as musical instruments, to the imperial ambassadors, who are no more than fronts for the sinister Vortex

Also released

by Vanessa Bishop



DO YOU HAVE A LICENCE TO SAVE THIS PLANET?

BBV £9.99

The answer to the titular question is 'no' – and I'm afraid this sci-fi comedy isn't going to change things. It has two main targets: one, the unofficial, uncanonised status of BBV's own productions; and two, *Doctor Who*'s scriptwriting, mocking all the plot devices that happen over and over.

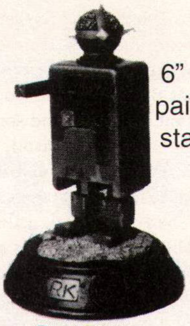
This is put into a suburban setting, where the Foot Doctor (Sylvester McCoy) arrives in his washing machine-shaped timeship. This is an odd neighbourhood, where stressed-out, overplayed Earthlings in grim pullovers share a semi-detached with 'Cyberons', and are fooled into thinking nothing of it by one of the silver giants sticking on a droopy Mexican moustache. McCoy darts around people's gardens fighting *Doctor Who* monsters who have been properly paid for. But something's missing from his expression – joy.

Yes, it's silly – but is it funny? 'Irritating' is probably the kindest word to use. *Do You Have a Licence ...* might be a hit with anyone longing for a new series of *Rentaghost* – but for the majority, the pratfalls and clumsy cartoon humour will raise only thin smiles. There are a few good scenes – the Cyberons practising villainous rhetoric, and the Foot Doctor's encounter with the Licensed Reality Corporation, personified as a Master figure – but the rest is performed to the sound of a barrel being scraped, the jokes either too old or too juvenile to provide the necessary laughs.

Above all, the premise proves to be the biggest stumbling block. BBV hasn't got a licence to do 'proper' *Doctor Who* – so what? Does that mean we want to watch 30 minutes of light-hearted carping about the fact? Not really. If BBV wanted to contribute a worthwhile *Doctor Who* comedy, they should have turned their attention towards a video production of their superlative *Punchline* CD. With its mix of sitcom parody and pathos, McCoy and company could then have turned in something really special.

ZYGON

SONTARAN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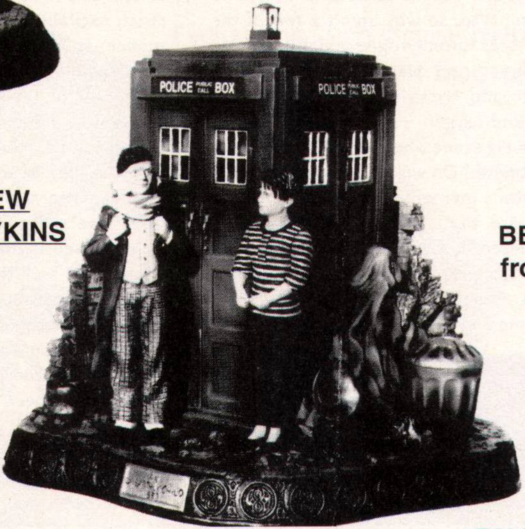

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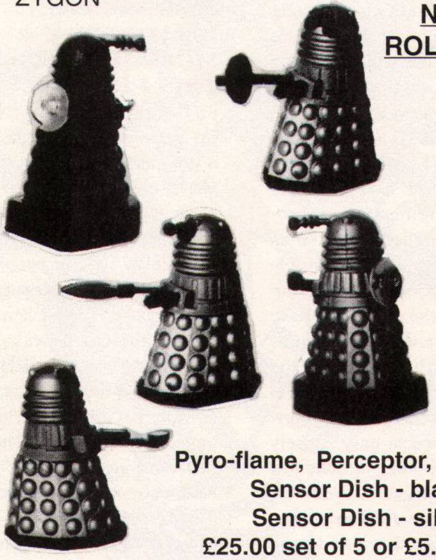

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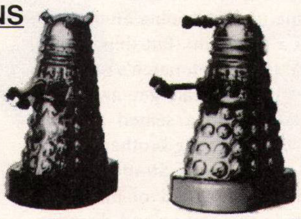

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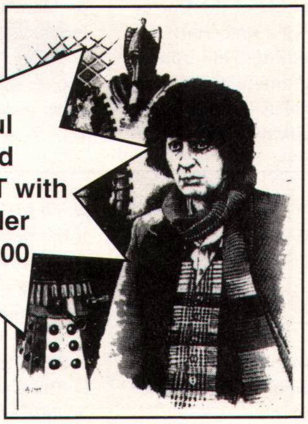

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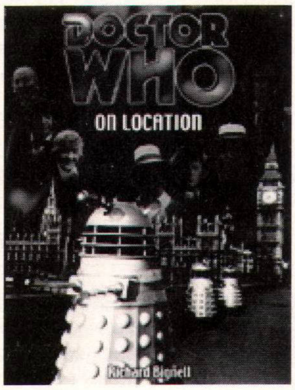
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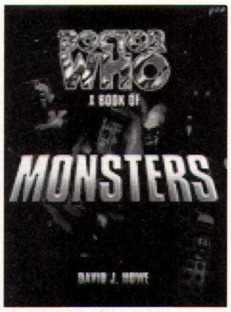
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Wraiths. The Wraiths themselves are reasonably frightening: relentless, unknowable and Lovecraftian, fleeing from something even more terrifying (and unseen) that inhabits the Vortex, it is unfortunate their final appearance as comedy ghouls undermines their threat.

The Slow Empire is far less funny than the author seems to think

In a novel that would benefit from a well-rounded cast who personify the cultural differences that Stone alludes to, the characterisation is dreadful. The inhabitants of the various planets of the Empire are little more than obstacles for the Doctor to overcome, rather than people to interact with, and Stone's only real character is the Baron Munchausen-like Jamon de la Rocas. The regulars fare particularly badly, and although Stone invents a reason for the Doctor to act wildy out of character, no such excuse is forthcoming for Anji, who is given lines of dialogue that rightly belong in *The Thin Blue Line* and not in the mouth of a highly qualified futures trader.

The novel is far less funny than Stone seems to think. Most of the humorous lines are recycled from his earlier, genuinely original works, and seem stale here. Likewise, the skewed and sadistic worlds that he has the Doctor visit are familiar, having been used in, among others, *Sky Pirates!*, *Burning Heart* and his sequence of Bernice Summerfield novels. Only the Matrix-inspired chapter, in which Fitz and Anji are plugged into a supercomputer and given entire false lives in a bid to enslave them, stands out. Overall, the sense is of a tired author who has exhausted his creativity and has been reduced to living off the memory of past glories. In which case, the novel is perhaps an unconscious metaphor, with Stone attempting to reanimate the corpses of his old ideas to try to get a few more pages out of them.

Having revealed his inspiration, like a New Labour minister Stone begs our indulgence and promises that he'll do better next time. On the basis of his earlier work, this reviewer is inclined to give him a second chance, but with the stern caveat that next time he'll have to deliver. He's done much better in the past – let's hope that he can refresh his creative juices to produce something more befitting his talents in the future.

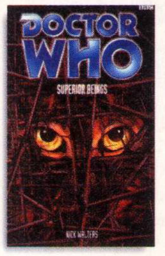
MATT MICHAEL

Vivid

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE FOR THE FIFTH DOCTOR AND PERI

DOCTOR WHO: SUPERIOR BEINGS

NOVEL BBC Books
AUTHOR Nick Walters
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0 563 53830 9



If you can't judge a book by its cover, it's sometimes possible to make a good guess at the contents from seeing the author's name on the spine. In *Doctor Who* fiction, as sure as eggs is eggs, there'll be time twists in a Steve Lyons, media referencing in a Keith Topping, a Paul Magrs will blend fact with fiction, and a Gary Russell will mop up all the leftovers.

In a Nick Walters, it'll be aliens and their alien-ness all the way – and *Superior Beings* is typical, except on two counts. The similarities with his previous novels, *Dominion* and *The Fall of Yquatine*, include a strong female lead, an over-populated cast and a soft-as-marshmallows Doctor – here, the Fifth. The difference is a much more basic story and a streamlining of his aliens to just two races – although Walters is still a keen naturalist, detailing look, lifestyle and social behaviour at sometimes inordinate length. Perhaps, in *Superior Beings*, the author's finally written himself into one of his own books, since Dr Aline Vehlmann, although female, is a xenologist – an alien authority.

The story borrows a lot of its flavour from the science fiction romances of the 19th century, putting the emphasis on biology, botany and wonderment over any high concept. And with its uncomplicated values, statuesque, Thal-like Eknuri, and the prospect of romance for Peri with a muscular hunk, there are clear echoes of the first Dalek serial. When the oppressive, fox-like Valethske appear, on a mission to find and kill their ancient gods, all seems to be going plan. Then the novel demotes the Eknuri to fox food, and things fall into a rut.

Offsetting nature's beauty against its equal horrors, Walters finds a heady colour, smell and sensation for everything, writing particularly vividly for the bloodthirsty Valethske. Their venomous evil brings energy to the book, and even when ever-more fantastic life is introduced – a planet full of moving plants with orchid-like heads and trumpet-like mouths – the Valethske remain the stars of the show. But that's no excuse for turning large chunks of the book into something resembling an horrific wildlife documentary. The novel's stumbling to establish an aim is impeded by a distracted author obsessing over how his creatures live, think and survive. And where the hoarding and eating of other species does trigger some sense of fear and revulsion, these scenes are only interesting in the short term. Repeated again and again, they begin to look gratuitous.

Animal urges: Peri and the Doctor. © BBC Video

Superior Beings is like a horrific wildlife documentary

Superior Beings' failing is structure. The issue isn't that the opportunity is taken to delve deeply into its creatures, it's that this is done at the book's expense. It's ironic, then, that although *Superior Beings* starts out seeming so traditional, it becomes the book where Walters feels least compelled to tell a conventional 'A to B' adventure. It takes far too long to establish the quest story; scattering the characters to deal with different dangers, most supplementary to the central plot, also slows things. A lot of questions are asked about ancient gods and great powers, but there's an unwillingness to press on with finding the answers, and the story generally gets stuck into a repetitive cycle of capture and escape. Even Peri begins to question how many times she's blacked out (four, at the last count). The final twist, that the gods have devolved, is unexpected – yet the revelation comes with no real sense of achievement, the reader having arrived there stepping-stone style, jumping from incident to incident rather than by following an unfolding story.

Walters admits that *Superior Beings* was inspired – not by a book or a TV series – but by an encounter with a fox, and from that, he's succeeded in putting across how differently two creatures can see one situation. But we remain at cross purposes, Nick Walters and I. The ideas are good, and there's drama to be culled from big fox types eating people. However, it needs something there to lift it from being predictable. The promise of a *Planet of the Apes*-style society, hinting the Valethske have some scientific interest alongside their bestial instincts, is not pushed forward enough to make the difference. VANESSA BISHOP

The Barnacled Baby

THE BARNACLED BABY

BBV £8.99

A shameless re-write of *The Elephant Man* that's so well pitched and performed, I haven't the heart to grumble about it; it's just the sort of bright, honed plagiarism that the early Tom Baker stories are so enjoyed for.

It's the 1800s. Clive Merrison plays Harley Street doctor Frederick Matravers, a character only two vowels and two consonants away from Anthony Hopkins' Dr Treves in the abovementioned film. As you might expect, Matravers uncovers the find of his career at a freakshow – but 'the Barnacled Baby' is in truth an adult Zygon, sick and close to death. But freakshow proprietor Jethro isn't going to part with his fortune easily, especially when there's interest from the very top – Queen Victoria herself.

This is earthy stuff, written with good one-liners and single entendres – but there's also horror, and issues of class and religion. The latter, dismissed by the Zygon, steers the story to areas of other BBV audios, where aliens struggle to understand human codes and culture. But writer Anthony Keetch has used his allotted 60 minutes to step beyond just canvassing their views and swapping our differences, to tell a tale of kidnap, ambition and conspiracy that travels from London to the coast, and leaves with Scotland and its most famous Loch in its sights.

It's all typical off-the-peg Victoriana, of course, with both low and high life viewed through a set of sub-Dickens types – but the good cast are careful not to tip too far into music hall largeness. Merrison savours and chews every word; he should have been handed the TARDIS key a long time ago. He was electric as Radio 4's Sherlock Holmes, and it's a joy to hear him treading London's fog-bound streets again.

An evocative production, with a wink or two towards a few other classics of film macabre. Rather than just suggesting bigger visuals, it portrays scenes that teatime TV wouldn't dare: oh, how director David Lynch or James Whale would have delighted in the moment where the Zygon is suckled by Jethro's daughter.

A must-hear.

Bernice Summerfield
AND THE
STONE'S
LAMENT
STARRING LISA BOWERMAN

PROFESSOR BERNICE SUMMERFIELD AND THE STONE'S LAMENT

Big Finish £9.99

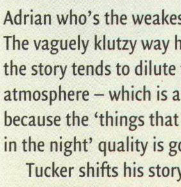
Mike Tucker's debut Benny audio seeks to combine creaky haunted house shenanigans with a story of obsessive love. Professor Bernice Summerfield is the guest of rich, handsome recluse Bratheen Traloor, who is seeking her advice on an artefact unearthed during extension work to his grand, but echoey, hideaway.

Benny's straight-to-audio adventures have become tightly-focused affairs, and *The Stone's Lament*'s cast of three concludes with Adrian Wall, a fur-covered Killoran construction manager from the Braxiatel Collection.

Traloor's cultured voice oozes chiselled-jaw good looks, and Tucker keeps Benny's acid remarks to a minimum. But it's Adrian who's the weakest link. The vaguely klutzy way he begins the story tends to dilute the atmosphere – which is a shame, because the 'things that go bump in the night' quality is good.

Tucker shifts his story to SF grounds perhaps a little too quickly – and, in its way, it's as old-fashioned as the thunderstorms and chiming grandfather clocks he starts out with. Science and nature are joined in violent, unholy union ... In other words, it's another rush towards a Frankenstein's Monster finale, complete with Traloor's mansion exploding to bury the whole ghastly business.

The Stone's Lament adds a few neat spins of its own to the formula, but remains clear and unmuddled. It would be good to hear Benny tackle something tougher, like *Just War*, again – but this is an entertaining house call.



MYTH MAKERS: DAVID BRIERLEY

Reeltime Pictures £12.99

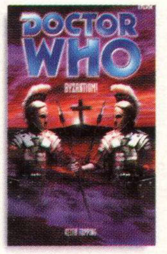
Two solid, if not entirely genuine, reasons why it would be good to know David Brierley. Most ➤

Soapy

QUO TARDIS!

DOCTOR WHO: BYZANTIUM!

NOVEL BBC Books
AUTHOR Keith Topping
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0 563 53836 8



Just when you thought nobody writes straight historicals any more, *Byzantium!* proves to be the most down-the-line example published in years. It starts by ticking all the right boxes: the First Doctor lands the TARDIS in Earth's history, and he and his companions become separated; each falls in with a different set of locals, making several cultural *faux pas*; all of them are eventually reunited. But *Byzantium!* is so straight, it even does without the finale from which our travellers usually escape, and has them wander from the scene in contemplative, leisurely fashion. The finale's not the only thing missing, either: after the book's close study of Byzantine life in 64 AD, you could ask where the plot had gone. If a book's going to make the distance on the hopes and wishes of insignificant lives alone, it has to be very well done. Dealing with Romans, Greeks, Christians, Jews and Jewish extremists as well as the Doctor, Barbara, Ian and Vicki, the strength of Keith Topping's writing becomes apparent. He does well to keep a lid on this "melting pot of civilisation".

Were *Byzantium!* to be science fiction, exploring as many races, beliefs and lifestyles as it does would be a problem – a case of attempting too much. But humans are more readily grasped, and our knowledge of their various belief systems, however scant, gives us a head start in understanding them. The down side, with so many factions, is that it becomes hard to define who the villains are – if, in fact, there are any – in a story that attempts to quantify so many points of view.

Early TARDIS scenes raise the expectation that Barbara might repeat her *Aztecs* mistake and exert her influence on the people. *Byzantium!*, however, doesn't pursue the theme, but takes more the form of an historical soap. The clue is in the title: like *Coronation Street* or *Emmerdale*, it's about a place, and what happens to the people who live there. The TARDIS crew's arrival is like the introduction of a new family – it upsets the routine and creates fresh tensions. Barbara comes between a father and his daughter, Vicki upsets a Greek household and Ian becomes the hot new local love interest – a role that occasionally knocks the character off its marks, his 'sweethearts', 'darlings' and 'missuses' sounding rather more like Ben Jackson.

Ian becomes the hot new love interest in Byzantium, 64 AD

Like soap, the novel offers no real closure. Events continue to bubble on after the TARDIS crew are reunited. Ian's "Is it just me, or didn't we solve anything?" hits the nail on the head. The most concentrated attempt at a contained storyline is the undertaking of a Roman plot to kill one of their generals, which is deliciously scheming. But it's the people around our four leads, and whether they end up better or worse for meeting our heroes, who concern the book.

I joked, when reviewing Topping's last book – the Hollywood-set *The King of Terror* – that the author was unlikely to write an historical, as it wouldn't allow for the media referencing he so clearly enjoys. With *Byzantium!*, we'll have to call it a draw. Topping's historical is a richly-described, bloodthirsty thing. The fear, lust, greed and treachery of the city are magnificently portrayed, and the dialogue can be stirring. But his chapter titles stay music and film-influenced (two of this correspondent's earlier suggestions among them). And however straight the novel appears to be, odd lines crop up to work against the author's intentions. When a Zealot demands, "What have the Romans ever done for us?", the reader is unwantedly forced to hear *Monty Python* – and with, "We are all doomed. Doomed," Private Frazer's cry from *Dad's Army*. But this, at least, is a far cry from being introduced to a gladiator called 'Russellcrowlius Oscarwinnerus', as the author might have tried to push past us before.

Amo, amas, amat: Ian Chesterton. © BBC Video

If Topping wished to evoke the small scale of *The Aztecs*, he's done it. But his story feels small, not just because it's captured some intimacy, but also because it never feels that dangerous or threatening either. But then, we don't like *Doctor Who* just for the cliffhangers, do we? Vanessa Bishop

Authentic

Educating Theta: the Doctor goes back to school – and Skaro

DOCTOR WHO: GENESIS OF THE DALEKS/ EXPLORATION EARTH

CD BBC Radio Collection
RRP £9.99
ISBN 0 563 47857 8

BBC RADIO COLLECTION
DOCTOR WHO

A contemporary view of *Exploration Earth* and *Genesis of the Daleks* would be to think of them as early models for both the audio dramas of Big Finish and the BBC Radio Collection's own 'missing stories' CDs. Those attuned to the very full plots of Big Finish will find *Exploration Earth* unchallenging. Broadcast in 1976 for Radio 4 Schools, the play's educational aims are uppermost. *Exploration Earth* is a science lesson for eight year-olds, clocking up the key stages of Earth's creation, from poisonous, gassy mess to solid, fertile planet. To all intents and purposes, the Doctor is teacher, Sarah the willing student, always first with a question, and Megron – the monster of the piece – a nuisance pupil, keen to disrupt the lesson in whatever way. Fittingly, at the end, he's dispatched to a far corner, and asked not to be heard from again.

The play is slight and undramatic for Tom Baker and Elisabeth Sladen. The Doctor and Sarah whizzing about in viewing capsules point to what early annuals and *TV Comic* strips might do, while subject, and the Doctor's chirpy tone, could have it pass for a dramatisation of one of Target's old *Doctor Who Discovers* books. Yet despite this, there's still something to be said for its feel of authenticity. Aside from Ron Grainer's theme and Brian Hodgson's TARDIS take-off effect played at length, the production is enveloped in odd and unsettling sound that makes this a more instantly recognisable *Doctor Who* piece than later radio efforts like *Slipback* and the two Jon Pertwee serials.

This rightness is continued with the cast. The apology for characterisation made in the CD's sleevenotes is completely unnecessary. Clearly, Baker and Sladen's script is a set of simple descriptions, every shift in Earth's development posted with a rudimentary "See this ..." or a "Watch how ...". But with Baker and Sladen on hand, the bland banter is made to seem entirely genuine. Sarah's complaint to the Doctor that they're just getting "loster and loster", and her airy "Byeee!" to us at the end, ring completely true. Megron, meanwhile, is a villain from the Stephen Thorne school, played in two volumes – loud and louder. But Eldrad's ranting in *The Hand of Fear*, broadcast at the time, means the play can mark up another performance totally in keeping with the parent programme.

Twice, during *Exploration Earth*'s brief 20 minutes, Megron's sudden temper caused me to jump, triggering a rare shiver of *Doctor Who* fear. With the explosion of *Doctor Who* audio drama in the past few years, I'm confused as to whether I should be pleased or depressed by this.

Whichever way you slice it, a TV format on radio can only be seen as a half-measure. Perhaps this is why it took BBC Records until 1979 to chance the idea of laying TV stories down on vinyl – *Genesis of the Daleks* being chosen in part to capitalise on the creatures' return to the screens in *Destiny of the Daleks* the same year.

Looking back at the days before BBC Video, *Doctor Who* soundtracks were rather an untapped market. If we had then the marketing minds we have now, who knows what we could have resting in our LP collection? *Pyramids of Mars*, *Spearhead From Space*, perhaps even Patrick Troughton linking a couple of his stories – recordings taken from the original tapes before they were junked.

Genesis of the Daleks' CD revival retains Tom Baker's narration, but marginally expands on the LP's original 60-minute edit of the story. *Genesis of the Daleks* looks likely to live for ever. As the Daleks say of themselves at the story's finish, it lives on, it grows stronger. The combination of good production and a story tackling the origins of the series' ultimate monsters singles it out as definitive for fans, broadcasters and merchandisers alike. Book, LP, cassette, video, repeated on BBC1, BBC2, BBC Choice and UK Gold and now CD (it's a safe bet the DVD wont be far off) – if there's a format, *Genesis of the Daleks* has found it. True, it's yet to catch the eye of Lloyd Webber and run as a musical, but surely that's only a matter of time ...?

VANESSA BISHOP DWM

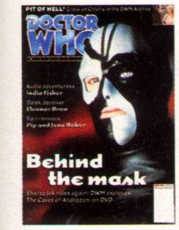
Pupil and teacher: Sarah Jane Smith (Elisabeth Sladen) and Doctor Four (Tom Baker). © BBC

Twice, Exploration Earth's villain made this reviewer jump

obvious, he was the second voice of K9 – great to drop into the conversation at dinner parties, so long as no-one can trump me by knowing John Leeson. Secondly, for squeaking out K9's clipped ripostes in 1979, Brierley received £250 per week – a fee he cites as poor because, at the time, he could earn that for an hour's voice-over work. Which just about makes him the all-round perfect sugar daddy I've been looking for.

Interviewer Nicholas Briggs, aware of the good working relationship Tom Baker and John Leeson shared, asks David how Tom took to him. "Fine," he says, "as, at the time, Tom was wishing to do voice-over work too." Mmm, I bet he was. Excuse this vulgar discussion of money – it has everything to do with my own surprise at the price of a few 'affirmatives' and what you can pocket praising someone's pies, and little to do with Brierley.

This is a quiet and contemplative *Myth Makers*, Brierley offering such information in a matter-of-fact style that characterises the tape – but since he was K9 for just four stories, the ill-fated *Shada* among them, the *Doctor Who* anecdotes are fewer here than usual.



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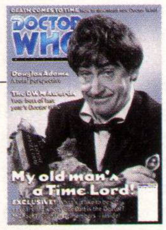

DOCTOR WHO
Cold comfort

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It's been a while, so we'll try and catch up on as much mail as possible this issue. Deep breath ...

Voices from the past

Congratulations! *Michael Troughton's Memories* are a delightful insight into the very private life of what must be the most overlooked Doctor.

I eagerly await further instalments from his son. Fancy writing a book, Michael, and opening up Patrick's 'wild wizard' to a wider audience?

R CANTRILL
BIRMINGHAM

Doctor Who fans may be guilty of getting over-excited and then settling for a sense of 'anticipointment' [Editorial, **DWM** 304], but surely that still has to be better than resigning ourselves to the alternative: 'dissipation'?

NOEL FOSTER
GREENWICH

I've just read your tribute to Douglas Adams [**DWM** 306] and am left with a warm glow. My Dad had always raved about *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, and when I finally read the books I could see why. It was while I was scanning the cover of one of them that I found that Douglas had been connected to *Doctor Who*. I enjoyed *Hitchhiker's* so much that I thought I'd try it. I've never looked back.

Thanks, Douglas.

SABRINA SAMUELS
BEDFORD

As the new co-ordinator of the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society I am eager to hear from people who have left the DWAS or have decided not to join.

If, for any reason, you have been unhappy with the service we offer, please drop me a line at: PO Box 519, London SW17 9XW, and tell me why. We can't even begin to change things until we know what you do or do not like. I will reply to every letter received.

IAN WHEELER
DWAS CO-ORDINATOR

Timewyrm: Relegation

You were right to commemorate the tenth anniversary of *The New Adventures* [**DWM** 305] and for the most part it was a very interesting issue, if a little too gushing in places.

I was, however, bemused by the implication that the 'ten most common mistakes found in book submissions' were the preserve of the slush pile. Take number 8, "Same old, same old" – how many times in the TV show did a series of strange goings on in an English village herald a doomed invasion of Earth by rubbishy aliens?

Meanwhile, *Timewyrm: Revelation* is still held up for adulation, despite being very guilty of at least three of these 'writing wrongs' – "The continuity-packed plot", "The unintentionally humorous" and "Doctor Boo-hoo". And I'd like to add a couple more: "Milking it", where long-resolved storylines (such as the one about Ace's mother) are resurrected for another ten books; and "Shared interest", where it's revealed that the Doctor and his companion are fans of all the same pop groups and TV programmes as the author!

PAUL BEARDSLEY
VIA E-MAIL

Continuity city

A couple of months ago, in the wake of reader Steve Panozzo's damning comments concerning over-reliance on continuity, we asked you lot for your considered opinions. This one, my friends, could run and run ...

I must say, I think Steve Panozzo has a point when he laments the use and abuse of continuity in recent *Doctor Who*. Tackling the Marc Platt interview [**DWM**s 305-6] I certainly felt I was taking the rocky road into Continuity City, Arizona. Marc says that, having decided to write a Gallifrey story, he realised that Romana "had to be there"? and "we can't ignore poor Leela" (or should we start calling her 'Mum'?). Why? Isn't it possible to revisit the town of your birth without bumping into absolutely everyone you ever knew?

Originality is what is needed, and surely continuity is reference to concepts and ideas which have already been used. By its very nature, continuity relies on the past. The stories of the 1960s and 1970s don't need to be explained all these years later. They should be enjoyed for what they are – and today's writers should take inspiration from the *spirit* of them, not the letter.

Nothing in current *Doctor Who* fiction is ever left unsaid, everything must be explained. Now where's the mystery in that? Or the fun.

ADRIAN HUDSON
VIA E-MAIL

I feel I must write in with regard to all the wailing and gnashing of teeth over continuity errors. What's the fuss about?

When watching, reading, or listening to a *Doctor Who* story I'm far more concerned about whether it's an enjoyable yarn than whether it is in keeping with over 30 years worth of back-story. If the current or future producers of *Doctor Who* make entertaining productions at the expense of continuity, then that's fine by me.

When I told my sister about the way in which some fans always beaver away at coming up with convoluted explanations for contradictions she proclaimed them all "doofuses". So that's you told!

CALEB WOODBRIDGE
DOLGELLAU

Steve Panozzo's letter makes me ask: why not continuity? I didn't see the TV Movie as being "ham-fisted" or "bogged down" by it. They explained the Master (without mentioning previous stories), the Daleks made an appearance without any background detail deemed necessary, and the TARDIS was explained (as it always had been in the past) when a new character is introduced to it.

Continuity has a major place in *Doctor Who*, like it or not. Some of the questions which have been bothering the fans for years have to be answered sometimes.

CHARLES MENTO
NEW YORK, USA

When *The New Adventures* first came out I bought one. Sadly it wasn't for me. I know this sounds stupid, but if I haven't met the characters before then I just find it so hard to identify with them. I need the blasts from the past to help me enjoy the new.

Okay I know we can't have every novel or audio based around old scripts, but I think to totally rubbish the adding in of subtle bits of "the good old days" is quite sad.

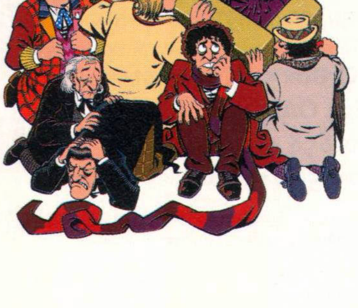
DEAN STONER
AMBERLEY, WEST SUSSEX

Next issue, we'll be printing your reactions to the long-awaited Death Comes to Time *pilot, so if you've got something to say, you know the address ...*

Drawing them in

It's been a long time since I even thought about *Doctor Who*, but there was a stray issue of DWM 304 on the shelf of my local comics shop and I was bowled over! Old features welcomed me back, and I was amazed at the changes! Colour in the comic strip? I don't remember that! It helps the mood incredibly and the strip's never looked better. Best of all though, there was a Roger Langridge illustration! I hope this is a monthly feature, 'cos this guy rocks! It's tough finding his stuff (I located some of his work in a few issues of *Dark Horse Presents*), and I yearn to someday have such a confident style.

NATE BLISS
USA


EXTERMINATE!
EXTERMINATE!

We're pleased to say that Roger will be with us for the foreseeable future. For more of his brilliance, visit www.hotelfred.com *– or look right, in fact, to see a wonderful 'Eight Doctors' illo, produced for the recent* Comics 2001 *convention.*

NEXT ISSUE

One-eyed monster!

To celebrate the release of BBC Video's *Davros Collection* boxed set, **DWM** talks to some of those who've met the monocular maniac – including the very lovely Rula Lenska. Ding dong!

Psycho therapy!

Are we facing a future where every new *Doctor Who* alien will have, like, issues of their own, y'know? Find out in the concluding part of *Where have all the monsters gone?*

Novel concepts!

Time meddling and existential angst in the third instalment of our fascinating series looking behind the covers of Virgin's *New Adventures* range!

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A Mexican stand-off in Part Three of *The Way of All Flesh!* A punishing time for the Sixth Doctor and Peri as **The DWM** *Archive* tackles *Vengeance on Varos!* The Time Team snigger at *The Dominators!* And, if you're very good, lots more things with *Doctor Who* in them!

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It's the end, but ...

by **The Watcher**

In a doomed effort to stave off the premature onset of middle-age spread (I think it was that measurements form last month that did it), I've taken up swimming. Alas, it's not the fun, splashing-about sort of swimming one used to enjoy of a Sunday afternoon in the reckless days of youth, but that tiresome length-after-length sort of swimming that balding, boring men would always insist on doing while you were busy dive-bombing in the deep end. It's tragic to discover that I'm now one of the balding men, but I suppose that's progress for you.

The worst thing about swimming is the sheer tedium. I'm averaging 42 lengths per session at the moment (not in any direct tribute to the lamented Douglas Adams, although I do tend to imagine Valentine Dyall's sonorous tones counting off the 42nd lap every day), and over that kind of distance you really need to find something to think about. Something trivial and yet sufficiently complicated to take your mind off the stultifying dullness of the lengths. So as I breast-stroked my way to fitness yesterday afternoon, I decided to fill the vacuum by trying to identify the biggest lapse of time – fictional time, you understand – between two consecutive *Doctor Who* stories.

> **What on earth did Jo do in the five months off between seasons?**

I soon discovered that this was a fascinating challenge, riven with complexities and a healthy amount of pointlessness. Plenty of stories dovetail in 'real time' for the Doctor (*The Enemy of the World* slips directly into *The Web of Fear*, for example, and most of the regeneration stories carry straight on), but there are also a great many unspecified gaps between adventures. Usually this is an arbitrary period during which the companions have had time to change their costumes but nothing much else has happened – the sort of gap seized upon by the authors of BBC Books novels and Big Finish plays to allow for extra escapades between existing stories.

During most of the William Hartnell period, and again during the early 1980s, there's a soapy attempt to domesticate the TARDIS by referring to previous adventures and drawing attention to the costume changes. This reaches a peak during Peter Davison's first two years as the Doctor, when almost every story begins with a gratuitous reference to its predecessor ("You were lucky you didn't wipe out the whole Kinda tribe!"/"While you were enjoying 48 hours induced D-sleep in the delta wave augmentor, my mind was taken over!"/"I explained what happened on Terminus!"). This tends to suggest that the gaps between the stories are of no great length, unless there's some specific reference to the contrary: Peri talks in terms of days and nights having elapsed between *Attack of the Cybermen* and *Vengeance on Varos*, for example, and there's a good day or two between *Black Orchid* and *Earthshock*, because the Doctor's had time to read George Cranleigh's book. Then again, if we're to believe *City of Death*, that might not have taken him more than a couple of seconds. Oh dear – you see how tricky it is?

By now I was on my 16th length and things were looking bad. I switched over to back crawl and decided it was time to get down to specifics. Sure enough, incomplete and insoluble though the whole stupid question had turned out to be, a few cases began to rear their heads as clear contenders for the longest gap between stories.

A couple of weeks at the very least must separate *Warriors of the Deep* from *The Awakening*, because there's no sign in Little Hodcombe of the scars the Doctor sustains on Seabase 4 – but then, when you come to think of it, the Fifth Doctor's hair positively yo-yos in length during his first four stories, so maybe he's merely picked up some of Adric's Alzarian healing powers.

A pregnant pause falls after *The Rescue*, seeing as how a whole season's worth of vegetation has grown over the fallen TARDIS by the beginning of *The Romans*. And talking of seasons, I had occasion to reflect upon the fact that it's May Day at the end of *The Dæmons*, but clearly autumn by the time of *Day of the Daleks* (the Michaelmas daisies are out) – a good five months or so there. I wonder what on earth Jo did in between?

As a matter of fact, I pondered weightily as I executed a creditable tumble-turn, there are several whopping great hiatuses during the Third Doctor's exile on Earth. Liz Shaw returns to Cambridge after *Inferno*, and we can deduce from some dialogue in *Terror of the Autons* that the Doctor has spent quite some time pestering the Brigadier for a new assistant. And what about the gap before the next story, *The Mind of Evil*? Unless we're to believe that the Master hypnotised Captain Chin Lee and installed the Keller Machine at Stangmoor before materialising at Rossini's circus, this has to be six months at the very least.

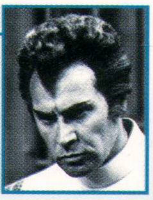
And then, just as I completed my 39th lap, it came to me in a blinding flash. Were my life being directed by Pertwee-era maestro Michael Briant (which, alas, it isn't), the camera would have zoomed in on my goggle-clad face as I spluttered, "Yes of course, I should have known!" Instead I hit my head on a passing pensioner as I realised that the biggest gap is, of course, the one leading up to the TV Movie, in which the Seventh Doctor looks, ooh, roughly seven years older than he did in the previous story.

I reverted to breaststroke and spent the final three laps deducing that the longest run of uninterrupted action in *Doctor Who* flows from the regeneration in *Planet of the Spiders* right through to the end of *Planet of Evil*, give or take the Doctor snatching the odd night's sleep (and, in all probability, popping off to fix Xoanon).

And then, a sadder and a wiser man, I headed for the showers. **DWM**

The Final Test

Are you a brain of Morphoton? Or on a Mission for Duh?
Have a go at this and find out! Answers next month ...



What connects:

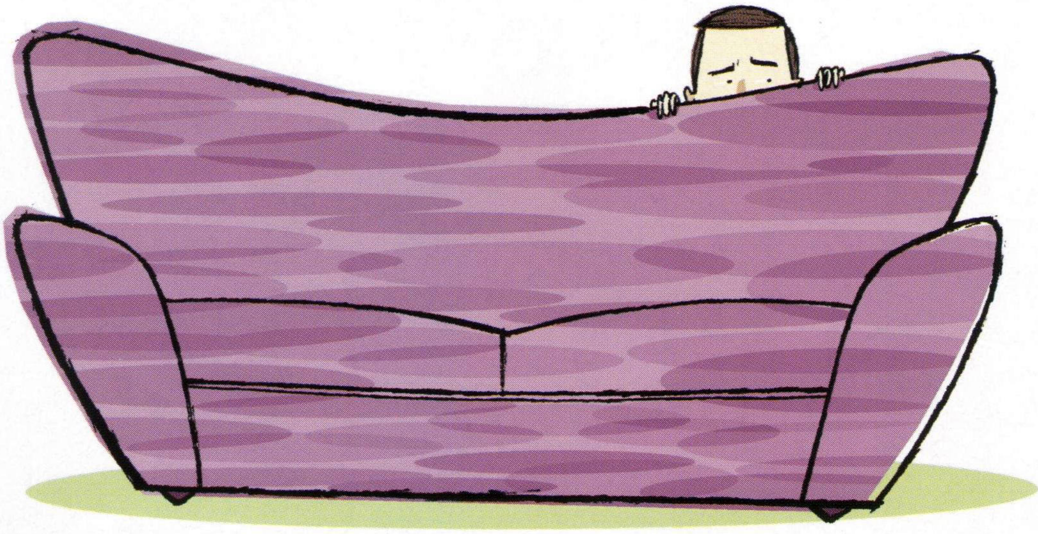
1. A kidnapped pilot, a resistance member and a palaeolithic cave artist?
2. Laurence Scarman, Skinsale and Lady Cranleigh?
3. Galloway, the Marshal, the Master, Shockeye, Lobos [pictured], Tuar and Huckle?
4. An exploding planet, a dodgy commissioner, a mobile mine and a reptilian target?
5. A smuggling ship, an archaeologist's dog, an agronomist's seeds, a relief beacon and automatic justice?
6. An old Chancellor and a young Queen; an idealistic commando and a prosecuting counsel; and a mythical island and an anecdotal planet?

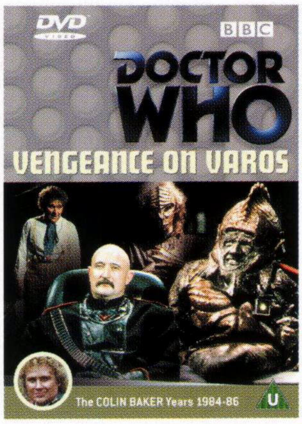
Answers from last issue

1 All spelled differently on screen ('Forman' in *Remembrance of the Daleks*; 'Stahlmann' on alternative Earth in *Inferno*; mis-spelled 'Varient' on prop in *The Ambassadors of Death*)
2 Actors who played them (Rula Lenska, Aubrey Woods, David Gooderson, Jim Broadbent, Jonathan Pryce) all appeared in the radio series of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*
3 All called Mitchell (*The Sea Devils*, *Image of the Fendahl*, *Earthshock*)
4 Alpha (*The Evil of the Daleks*); Alpha Centauri; Terra Alpha; Alpha Four (*The Space Pirates*)
5 Scientists named by Professor Rubeish in *The Time Warrior*
6 The first character has the same name as the actor who played the second: (Ian) Collier (*Enlightenment*/*Arc of Infinity*); (Angus) MacKay (*The Highlanders*/*The Deadly Assassin*); (Nicholas) Parsons (*The Invisible Enemy*/*The Curse of Fenric*)

Grayswandir

DOCTOR WHO @ BLACKSTAR

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